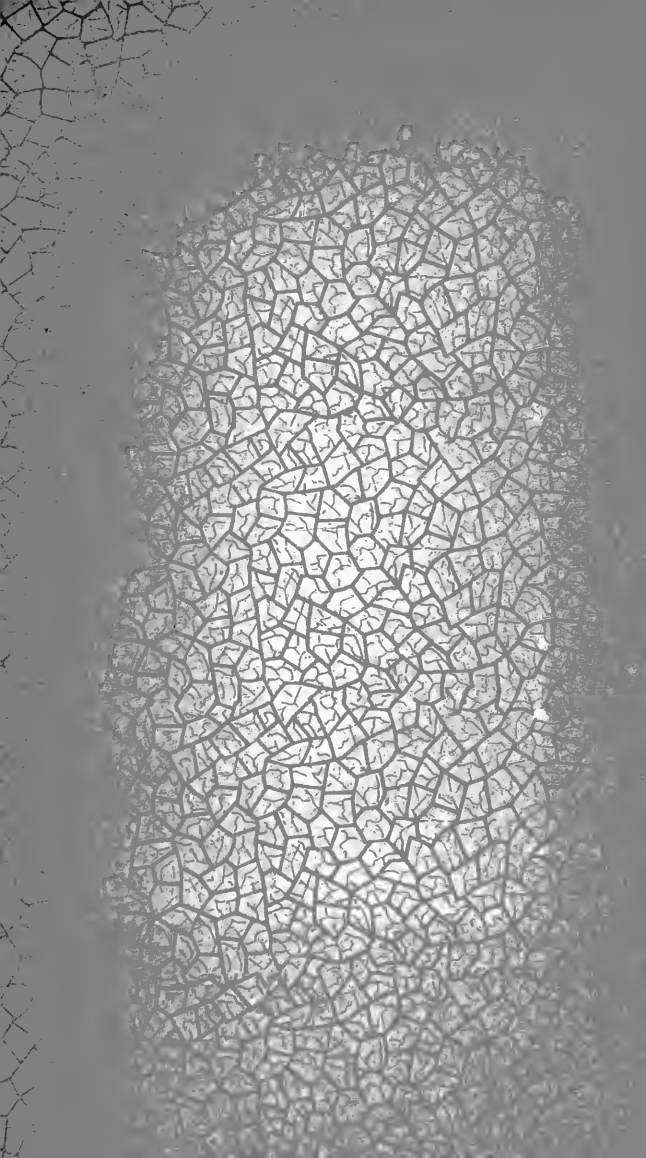




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LYRICS
OF A
LONG LIFE.

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LYRICS
OF
A LONG LIFE.

BY
NEWMAN HALL,

*Author of "Come to Jesus," "Gethsemane," "Divine Brotherhood,"
"Meditations on the Lord's Prayer," etc.*



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DEDICATORY SONNET
TO MY MOTHER.

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST PUBLISHED VOLUME
OF HYMNS.

MOTHER ! to thee, of right, this book belongs ;
For, seated on thy knee, an infant weak,
With lisping tongue, I learned from thee to speak
“In psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs.”
Oft didst thou stroke my head, and kiss my cheek,
And weep for joy to hear thy child repeat
How the Good Shepherd came from heaven, to seek
His wandering lambs,—and how His hands and feet
Were pierced with nails—while He, the sufferer
meek,
Prayed for His foes, then mounted to His throne.
With themes like these my years have still upgrown,
Through thy persuasive teaching, tender care,
Thine, and a loving father’s life of prayer :
The book I offer thee is thus thine own.

Bolton Abbey, Sept., 1857.

PREFATORY SONNET.

A THOUSAND seeds are formed, for one to root ;
Of many arrows, few quite reach the mark ;
Of many blows, few strike the kindling spark,
And few entrance, who take the minstrel's lute.
Prizes are rare, and many strive in vain ;
That many strive, shall critics stern complain,
And bid all bards, uncertified, be mute ?
Should I be so much blessed that one brief strain,
To souls devout or weary, solace lend ;
Or might be deemed, when thankful voices blend,
Fit vehicle for tuneful prayer or praise ;
An altar to "Contented Hope" I'll raise.
The simple daisy in the garden grows
Beneath the stately pine, or fragrant rose.



MOUNTAIN MUSINGS.

THE LORD OF THE MOUNTAINS.

“Thy righteousness is like the great mountains.”

LORD of the mountains ! Thee I praise
Who didst the ancient hills upraise,
The furrowed cliffs that frown on high,
And granite peaks that pierce the sky.

The glaciers Thy dominion own,
The ice-crag are Thy glittering throne,
The avalanche-thunder is Thy voice,
Thou bid'st the torrents wild rejoice.

Thine are the reservoirs of snow,
Whence never-failing rivers flow
To fertilize, at Thy command,
In summer drought the level land.

Thou dost instruct the hardy pine
Between the rocks his roots to twine ;
The forests dark Thy praises show,
Guarding the cultured fields below.

On pasture-slopes of emerald green
Thy cattle feed, the firs between,
The chiming of whose tuneful bells
With worship fills the listening dells.

Thou showest to the eagle where
He may his cloud-veiled nest prepare ;
Thou dost preserve, for chamois fleet,
The tender, snow-nurst moss, to eat.

The whistle of the marmot shrill
Thou hearest from the storm-rent hill,
And the cicala's sunny glee
Was caused, is watched, is loved by Thee.

Under the thick-ribbed glacier's shade
Thou hast enamelled carpets laid ;
And given to the gentian blue
Its smiling, heaven-reflecting hue.

Thou, amidst precipices stern,
Wavest fair fronds of mountain-fern ;
And, where the lightning leaves its scar,
Soft *edelweiss* reveals its star.

On rough moraine and dizzy steep,
Thy star-bespangled mosses creep :
These Alpine heights, if stern to view,
With Alpine flowers are lovely too.

So full of wondrous mystery,
Of beauty, strength, sublimity,
In these great mountains, Lord, I trace
Types of Thy righteousness and grace :

Stainless as yonder fields of snow,
Fairer than fairest flowers that grow,
More musical than mountain-rills,
More lasting than the ancient hills.

But who those heights sublime may scale?
Vision alike and reason fail !
Who can explore those gulfs profound?
Who measure those vast mountains round ?

Though clouds their awful crests conceal,
To faith their lower slopes reveal
The perfect wisdom, goodness, love,
Of Him who reigns supreme above.

God of the Mountains ! let me share
Thy righteousness and loving care ;
Secure, by Thine Almighty word,
Beneath the shadow of the Lord.

Then, when the hills at Thy command
Shall melt away, my soul shall stand ;
Because THY RIGHTEOUSNESS, my plea,
Abideth everlastingly.

ALPINE CATTLE-BELLS.



How soft the music of the bells,
Borne by the breeze from sheltered dells,
Where herds of mountain-cattle feed,
In friendly groups, on flowery mead.

Those bells send forth, not one alone,
But vibrate notes of every tone ;
This chorus of the Alps is sung,
With one accord, by old and young.

Such artless music of the hills
The soul, with a strange rapture, fills ;
So many sounds, so varied, meet
In such sweet harmony complete.

The distant blending with the near,
The tenor, bass, and treble clear,
The bell sonorous slowly swung,
With the small heifer's sharply rung.

Help us, O Lord, to raise to Thee
Music, each one in his degree ;
Despising none because their note
In varying tone may heavenward float :

For though to listeners, standing near,
Some notes discordant may appear,
Yet unto Him who hears above,
All blend in harmony of love.

MUSIC ON THE MOUNTAINS.



THERE is music on the mountains,
As amid their wilds I roam ;
In the avalanche's thunder,
Bursting from yon stainless dome ;
In the carol of the peasant,
As she leads the cattle home.

There is music on the ice-fall,
As its glittering crags I climb ;
Music in the storm-cloud, sweeping
Round the granite peaks sublime ;
In the roaring of the torrent ;
In the cow-bell's soothing chime :

Music in the honeyed flowers,
Where the bee its task fulfils ;
Music in the swaying branches ;
Music from the infant-rills ;
There is music in the silence
Of the reverent listening hills.

There is music in the Prophets,
Solemn, mystic, grand, sublime ;
There is music from Apostles,
Sounding forth in every clime ;
Soothing, thrilling, soul-uplifting,
Through the ages to all time :

Music in the words of Jesus,
Fuller, sweeter, all Divine ;
In His matchless life and actions,
Life where God and man combine ;
In His wondrous cross and passion,
When that life He did resign :

Music in the grave He vanquished,
From the throne to which He rose,
In His tones of intercession,
In the blessings He bestows,
In the ceaseless Hallelujah
Which from choirs seraphic flows.

Grant me, Lord, a soul responsive,
Music breathing, aye, to Thee ;
Motives, conduct, thought, emotions,
Linked in sweetest melody,
With the voice of grace and nature
Blending in true harmony.

Vibrating with every promise,
Echoing each divine command,
Let my whisper swell the chorus
Of the universal band,
Till I join the choir celestial,
Perfected at Thy right hand.

Bel Alp, Sunday, Aug. 28, 1887.

MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE.

“There was a great calm.”

THE moon is mirrored in the lake
Which loves in her soft light to shine :
And all my soul I open wide
To bask in Thine.

The mountains view their lovely forms
Reflected in the tranquil mere :
So dwells in depths which Thou hast calmed,
Thine image dear.

No vapour dims the heavens above,
No cloud o'ershades the lovely scene :
Lord ! let no doubt, no moment's mist
E'er intervene.

No voice disturbs the perfect peace,
No whisper breathes on lake or hill :
So, in Thy calm, the Babel-world
Is hushed and still.

O blissful calm ! O Paradise !
Thy gift, O God, this radiant night :
And Thou hast turned my grief to joy,
My dark to light.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.



THE strength of the hills is Thine !

Thine their foundations deep ;

In the glory of God their buttresses shine,

Thou buildest their bulwarks steep :

The strength of the hills is Thine !

Almighty Thy children to save ;

The strength of my God, my Father, is mine ;

Though weak, I may well be brave.

The strength of the hills is fair ;

Green valleys the cliffs enclose,

In the rifts of the rocks are flowers most rare,

On the steepest some lichen grows :

So, Mercy's the vestment of Might,

And Majesty mingles with Love ;

The mountains so strong, yet so fair to the sight,

Are a type of our Saviour above.

How strong, yet how gentle was He—

The God, yet the Brother dear !

He who raised up the dead and rebuked the wild sea,

Shed sympathy's holy tear.

Rock of Ages ! Thy goodness be ours ;

Like the hills be our righteousness strong ;

But strength clothed with beauty, the rock bearing
flowers,

The mountain all vocal with song.

Sunday at Gavarnie, Pyrenees, 1871.

MOUNTAIN-EMBLEMS.



AMID Thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Help me Thyself to see ;
Let mountain, glacier, torrent, flower,
Lift up my heart to Thee.

The Framers of those icy domes,
Who tossed those torrents wild,
Is my unchanging, tender Friend,
And calls me His dear child.

I love to see my Father's power,
My Father's skill to trace :
I love, 'mid rocks and fields, to know
The smiling of His face.

Enable me from all I view
Some holy truth to learn ;
Of duty or of privilege
Some emblem to discern.

As those great mountains pierce the sky,
So may my spirit soar
Above the mists of doubt and sin,
And in Thy light adore.

The rills that kindly quench my thirst,
So frequent, pure, and free,
Of living waters softly sing,
And bid me drink of Thee.

And like those flowers, of form so fair,
Of bright and lovely hue,
Clothed by Thy grace with holiness,
I would be lovely too.

Thus teach me both Thy books to know,
Thy works and wondrous love,
That all I view on earth below
May point to heaven above.

Pontresina, 1879.

THE MOUNTAIN-PATHS OF LIFE.

Crossing Mont Cenis in Winter, 1870.

ALONG the mountain-paths of life,
Over the pass with perils rife,
Christ is my hope 'mid toil and strife,
And none beside.

When wildest winds of winter blow,
Driving the thickly falling snow ;
When gather gloomiest clouds of woe,
With me abide.

When the deep snow-drift hides the way,
And death attends each step astray,
O Jesu! hear me when I pray ;
Be Thou my Guide.

When treacherous ice o'erlays the ground,
When hangs the path o'er gulfs profound,
Cast Thy protecting arms around ;
Let me not slide.

The threatening avalanche hold back,
Through the thick fog reveal the track,
Smile Thou amid the tempest-wrack,
Keep at my side.

When fails my heart with grief and fear,
Be Thou my Refuge, very near ;
Let me Thy voice of welcome hear,
And in Thee hide.

When bitter blasts the blood congeal,
When lost is e'en the power to feel,
In death's dark hour Thy love reveal ;
Thou—Thou hast died.

The mountain crossed, in restful bowers
Smiling with fairest fruit and flowers,
I'll praise, with never-wearied powers,
My Saviour-Guide.

A MOUNTAIN-PRAYER.

My Father God, my Saviour, Friend,
Lift up my heart to Thee :
In love adoring, trusting, glad
That Thou art all to me.

Above the tainted mists of earth
Help me by faith to rise
For clearer vision, purer air,
Like mountains to the skies.

Cleanse me from sin, and I shall be
 Whiter than fields of snow ;
 Endow with strength, and up the steep
 Towards Thee each day I'll go.
 May living streams from Thee, the Fount,
 Refresh me on the way ;
 May loving signs and voices warn
 Whene'er I go astray.
 O let my walk, like flowery hills,
 Be fair with fruits of grace ;
 And let no cloud of self conceal
 The smiling of Thy face.
 With songs exulting, by Thy help,
 Thy holy hill I'll climb ;
 Bearing Thy easy yoke, until
 I reach the height sublime.
 My Father God, my Saviour, Friend,
 Thy Name I glorify !
 I'll bless Thee, magnify, adore,
 Now and eternally.

Eggischhorn, Aug. 23, 1887.

TRANSFORMATION.

SUGGESTED ON THE LAKE OF COMO.

THE view is perfect ! wood, stream, meadow smile
 Their Maker's praise !
 My soul lies bare and desolate the while—
 Dark all my days.

The clear, calm lake reflects the sun and stars—

Mirrored so fair ;

But sin in me the glorious image mars,

God pictured there.

The mountains soar from earth ; they pierce the clouds,

And scale the skies :

My soul lies grovelling ; sin's thick mist enshrouds ;

It cannot rise.

Restore the waste, O Lord ! forgive ! renew !

Then, nobler powers

With fairer forms will render service true,

And sweeter flowers ;

More fragrant incense than the fields exhale,

Lily or rose ;

First-fruits, to vie with which all fruit must fail,

On earth that grows.

Clearer than mirrored sun and clouds that shine

In waters blue,

My soul shall radiant be with light divine—

Reflexion true.

Higher than mightiest hills that upward soar

My soul shall rise,

Piercing the clouds of sin, and evermore

Bask in the skies.

And when shall fade away field, mountain, lake—

My deathless soul,

God's paradise, His glory shall partake,

While ages roll.

THE SIX HILLS OF SALVATION.



THOU who on the Mount of Blessing
Lovingly the people taught,
Help me think and do, I pray Thee,
All things, always, as I ought.

Tabor's Mount saw Thee transfigured,
Heaven to sinful men was near ;
Everywhere if Thou be with me,
"Good it is, Lord, to be here."

On the Hill of Calvary dying,
Thou for me Thy life didst give ;
May I hate the sins that pierced Thee,
May I for Thy glory live.

From the Mount of Olives soaring,
Thou didst reach the heights of Love ;
May I, Lord, with Thee ascending,
Fix my heart on things above.

On Thy Hill of Glory seated,
Throned amid the saints in light,
Think upon Thy little children,
Children precious in Thy sight !

Bring me to the Hill of Zion,
Guide me daily by Thy grace,
Till I reach the height of heaven,
And for ever see Thy face.

THE HILL OF BETHLEHEM.

NOT in halls of regal splendour,

Not to princes of the earth,

Did the herald angels render

Tidings of their Monarch's birth ;

Not to statesman, priest, or sage,

They proclaimed the golden age :

'Twas the poor man's heritage—

For on shepherds lowly

Burst the anthem holy—

In excelsis gloria,—Et in terra pax !

Not by worldly wealth or wisdom,

Not by power of law, or sword ;

But by service to win freedom,

And by sorrow bliss afford :

Born to poverty and pain,

Born to die and thus to reign,

Rescuing man from Satan's chain—

Jesus now rules o'er us :

Swell the joyful chorus—

In excelsis gloria,—Et in terra pax !

Glory be to God in heaven,

Peace on earth, good will to men !

In the highest, praise be given !

Angels ! strike your harps again.

Justice has on Mercy smiled,

God and men are reconciled

Through Emmanuel, new-born child.

Blend we then our voices !

Earth with Heaven rejoices—

In excelsis gloria,—Et in terra pax !

Bid the new-born Monarch welcome,
Pay Him homage every heart !
Hallelujah ! let His kingdom
Swiftly spread in every part :
War and bloodshed then shall cease,
Selfishness its slaves release,
Love shall reign, and white-robed peace ;
Then, from earth as Heaven,
Praise shall aye be given—
In excelsis gloria,—Et in terra pax !

Bethlehem, March, 1886.

THE CREST OF OLIVET.

THE crest of Olivet concealed
A favoured little town from view,
Where bloomed bright flowers of the field,
And olive-groves and palm-trees grew ;
There Lazarus, Mary, Martha made
A home where Jesus often stayed :
O that the Lord would dwell with me,
As with His friends at Bethany !

The door they loved to open wide,
His first approach with joy to greet,
Their choicest offerings to provide,
Or sit and listen at His feet :
Like them I fain would always feel,
And learn by love, and serve with zeal :
Thus, help me, Lord, to welcome Thee,
As did Thy friends at Bethany !

The Son of God, adored above,
Yearning, as man, for friendship here,
Did Mary, Martha, Lazarus love ;
And still His human friends are dear :
Their smile is pleasing in His sight,
Their heart's response yields Him delight :
O may I thus give joy to Thee,
As did Thy friends at Bethany.

With more than brother's tender heart
He sympathized in all their grief ;
Of every sorrow bore a part,
In every trouble brought relief ;
With them He viewed where Lazarus slept,
And, with the weepers, Jesus wept :
Dear Friend of mourners, comfort me,
As Thou Thy friends at Bethany.

Make me to know Thy wondrous name,
"THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."
In change, decay, and death the same ;
My Victor-Champion in the strife :
To me Thy gracious word apply—
"He that believes shall never die ;"
And let Thy love be life to me,
As to Thy friends at Bethany.

JERUSALEM TO JERICHO :

A SACRED BALLAD.



FROM Jerusalem the peaceful,
By a path too often trod,
Down to Jericho I journeyed,
City of the curse of God.

Leaving Salem far behind me,
As I blindly onward prest,
Robbers strong and stern assailed me,
Who that dark ravine infest.

Of my treasure they bereft me,
Wounded me in heart and head ;
Naked, wounded, faint, they left me,
Surely thinking I was dead.

Sad indeed was my condition,
Stripped of every hope I lay ;
Guilty, yet without contrition,
Trembling, yet I could not pray.

Moses passed me, but he only
Proved how helpless was my case ;
Aaron in his robes swept by me,
Saw—but slackened not his pace.

Prophets, Priests, Apostles, Martyrs,
Glorious and triumphant throng,
Sympathized, but could not save me,
Kindly looked, but went along.

Saints and Angels all united
Could not save—they all passed by—
But with love and joy they pointed
Unto One who now drew nigh.

Lo! He comes, despised, rejected,
Angels' Lord, yet spurned by man ;
Sinners proud will have no dealings
With this scorned " Samaritan."

He beheld me, pitied, loved me,
Promptly to my succour ran,
Then revealed Himself unto me—
CHRIST, THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Great Physician, wounds the deepest
Thou hast skill and power to heal ;
O'er my bleeding soul Thou weapest,
True compassion Thou dost feel.

Wine pour on me, probing, cleansing,
Though my wounds may smart with pain ;
Then with healing oil anoint me,
Pardoned, I'll rejoice again.

Wrap me in the spotless raiment
Of Thy righteousness complete ;
Though I ne'er can render payment,
Clothe me, Lord, from head to feet.

From the mire of sin uplift me ;
All my woes and weakness bear ;
In Thyself, sole Refuge, hide me,
All I need is treasured there.

Though, unseen, Thou often seemest
Like a traveller passed away,
Ever near me, Thou suppliest
All my wants from day to day.

Let me taste Thy love unceasing,
Feed me, clothe me, guard, console ;
Hourly be my debt increasing !
Jesus has endorsed the whole.

When in glory Thou returnest,
Shew that all demands are paid ;
Answer to the claims of Justice,
That my guilt on Thee is laid.

From the inn, to Thine own Palace
Then remove me, heavenly Friend !
Having pitied once and loved me,
Thou wilt love me to the end.

Then I'll sing with all the ransomed,
Sovereign Love's completed plan,
And adore with ceaseless rapture
CHRIST, THE GOOD SAMARITAN !

May the love of such a Saviour
Prompt me to the love of man ;
May I copy the behaviour
Of this Good Samaritan !

May I be to all a neighbour,
Feel I *ought*, because I *can* ;
And for other's welfare labour
Like this Good Samaritan !

SUNDAY ON LEBANON.

"I pray Thee let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon."

WEARY with wandering o'er the sand,
Pining to reach the promised land,
My longed-for home at length so near,
This prayer, my Guide, my Father, hear.

Soon let me cross the stream and see
The land beyond that beckons me,
So fair above comparison,
"That goodly mountain Lebanon."

I long to tread its fragrant fields,
To taste the ambrosial fruit it yields,
To rest beneath the tree of life,
From guilt and grief, from toil and strife.

I long to meet, to embrace once more,
Dear fellow-travellers gone before ;
With them rehearse our pilgrim-ways,
And join again in Jesu's praise.

O that the goal were fully won,
That goodly, glorious Lebanon ;
Whose beauties never shall decay,
Whose treasures none can take away.

No lion fierce, no ravening bear,
No wily serpent harbours there ;
No murderous thief in ambush lies,
The incautious traveller to surprise.

No fierce sirocco's burning breath
Shall bring decay, disease and death ;
No summer-drougths the fountains dry,
The streams flow everlastingly.

No locust-cloud shall dim the air,
Leaving the hopeful branches bare ;
No wintry frosts shall nip the bloom,
No blazing heat the fruits consume.

Those stately cedars ne'er shall feel
The stroke of wasteful woodman's steel ;
Those peaceful pastures ne'er shall dread
The thunder of the foeman's tread.

Those heavenly heights I long to climb,
To reach those glittering peaks sublime,
Still up those shining slopes to press,
The mountain of God's holiness.

There "Carmel's excellency" blends
With all the charms that "Sharon" lends :
O for that never-setting Sun—
The "Glory of" that "Lebanon !"

“PRAISE YE THE LORD!
MOUNTAINS AND ALL HILLS.”

O BLESS the Lord, ye mountains,
Ye domes of dazzling snow ;
Ye fertilizing fountains,
And meads so green below ;
Ye granite peaks upsoaring,
And glittering icy seas ;
Ye flowers the slopes adorning,
And fragrancng the breeze.

Praise Him, ye ancient forests,
Ye sturdy, storm-tried pines !
Praise Him, ye Alpine pastures,
And clustering purple vines !
Praise Him, ye azure lakelets,
With cloud-craggs bending down,
Loving their clear reflexions,
Their smile or solemn frown.

Praise Him, my rapturous pleasure,
Praise Him, my wond'ring awe,
The memory's pictured treasure,
The truths Divine I draw !
The solace and refreshment,
Oft as those heights I've trod,
The solitude and silence,
The intercourse with God !

GOING DOWN THE HILL.



THOU Guide of manhood's vigorous pace,
Direct and guard me still—
(As in youth's ardent, upward race)
While going *down* the hill.

For help throughout my way I call
To do Thy holy will ;
O suffer not my foot to fall
While going down the hill.

Preserve till eve the morning light,
Nor let youth's ardour chill ;
But may the evening glow more bright,
While going down the hill.

The path descends that it may climb
Far higher than before,
Until I reach those realms sublime,
And at Thy throne adore.

The downward to the upward leads,
Night harbingers the day ;
The path of true life ne'er recedes,
But tends to God alway.

Thus, though descending, I rejoice
Love's purpose to fulfil,
And sing to God with cheerful voice,
While going down the hill.

GOAT-FELL.

SUNSET ON THE ISLE OF ARRAN.

(Adapted to the tune of "The Danube River.")



CAN we forget that July night
On Arran's Isle entrancing?
We watched the fading opal light
On murmuring wavelets dancing :
We oft before had watched the shore,
But ne'er in years advancing
Can memory slight that July night,
On Arran's Isle entrancing.

As Goat-Fell purpled o'er the bay,
Alive with white sails shining,
We, raptured, watched the waning day,
Heart, soul, and arms entwining ;
Human—Divine—life's God-sent ray—
Such gift all joys enhancing,
Making so bright that July night,
On Arran's Isle entrancing.

MOUNTAIN-DELLS.

“Many that are first shall be last.”



THE soaring summit and ambitious brow
That high above the lowly landscape rise,
Command a wider view of earth and skies
Than glen retiring, which doth humbly bow,
As veiled beneath their loftiness it lies ;
They oft are gazed at with admiring eyes,
Stand forth as landmarks, earlier catch the light,
Glowing with roseate splendours to the sight.
But while all bleak and bare they brave the blast,
In yonder lowly, unambitious dell
Ferns, shadeful trees, sweet fruits and flowerets dwell,
And streamlets flow to fill the peasant's well.

Let none repine whose lot in vales is cast ;
In Grace, as Nature, oft the first are last.

On the Rigi, Aug., 1885.

AT THE CRAG OVER THE MORTERATSCH GLACIER
FROM WHICH MY DEAR FRIEND
CHARLES EDWARD REED—FELL AND SOARED,
JULY 29, 1884.

A STONE was gate of Heaven when Jacob slept,
And saw the glistening causeway to the skies :
Thus every spot on which a Christian dies,
O'er whose long sleep heart-broken friends have wept,
Becomes Heaven's portal, whence a soul has leapt
To glory, waking up with glad surprise :
The chamber, hallowed home of love and prayer,
The couch, the empty cot, the old arm-chair,
The sea, the ship, the crag, *the mountain side*,
The darkest mine—where'er 'tis said "He died"—
Has witnessed angels ministering there,
Is rendered noble, holy, glorified !
Each Christian's death-place bears the title given,
"This is the house of God, the gate of Heaven."

NERO FJORD.

“That ye may be filled with all the fulness of God.”



IN winding gorges of Norwegian hills
Flows the full Fjord, wedding sea and land,
And linking each small creek with ocean grand.
Watching the tide each rocky glen that fills,
The mountains opening, reverently stand,
And offerings give with no reluctant hand ;—
Mosses and ferns, and flowers of every hue,
All that they can, to greet the dark-blue wave
That loves those crags and verdant nooks to lave :
From beetling cliffs that pierce the curtain blue
The foaming torrent leaps, and seems to say,—
“ It is thine own, O sea ! we give this day.”

Thus, Ocean infinite of Love Divine,
Enter and permeate this soul of mine !

MARS' HILL.

“ And they took him, and brought him unto Areopagus.”



ATHENS ! how grandly beautiful art thou !
Thy dignity, in death, retaining long,
In spite of centuries of cruel wrong ;
In spite of earthquake, lightning, war, e'en now
Riseth sublime thy queenly, peerless brow.
What names and memories to thee belong !
Poets, and statesmen ; fields, renowned in song,
Where Athens guarded Greece from tyrant's thrall :
Demosthenes ; eventful Marathon ;
Plato and Socrates ; great Salamis ;
Still awes the soul thy pillared Parthenon,
Thy glittering, temple-crowned Acropolis :
But of thy glories this surpasseth all—
Rough, naked Areopagus, and—PAUL !

AT ULLSWATER.

“Whatsoever things are lovely.”



How deep, how pure, how tranquil is the lake !
Lowly beneath the great hills it doth lie,
Yet looketh day and night unto the sky,
Whose tints and glorious radiance it doth take.
The sun and stars a matchless mirror make
In its calm bosom, bending from on high ;
Yet none the less, earth's objects that are nigh
Are seen reflected there—the ferny brake,
The bending birch-tree and the steadfast pine,
The daisied meadows where the cattle feed,
The tiny pebbles on the beach that shine,
Each tuft of moss and every trembling reed.
Lord ! to my soul be such pure calmness given,
Reflecting all things fair in earth and Heaven.

ST. MARTHA'S HILL, SURREY.

"Here we have no continuing city."



BELOVED Saint Martha's ! From thy heathery brow
Oft have I watched the sunset-glory fade
From vale, hill, cornfield, forest, verdant glade ;
And oft, at morn, with swelling heart, as now,
Thy boundless panorama have surveyed.
By tracks of friends in sunshine and in shade,
By tears shed on thy breast endeared art thou ;
Of prayer, praise, conflict, love, oft witness made.
Dear Hill, adieu ! we also now must part.
Life is from infancy one long farewell ;
Never doth pause the sad, sad parting bell,
For loves and joys that fastened round the heart ;
Not till on Zion's holy mount we dwell
Shall cease the daily dirge, and funeral knell.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

THE TEEMING CITY.



WHAT memories waken at the varied view !
Harrow, with Byron's boyhood ; Windsor's Towers ;
At yonder oriel Chatham did renew
The strength of brain o'ertaxed ; those distant bowers
The toils humane of Wilberforce well knew.
On this high ridge reposed in leisure hours
Mansfield and Erskine, after judgments true :
Keats warbled, Dickens mused among the flowers.
Soars yonder Dome o'er thousand spires that claim
The teeming City for the Saviour's name :
That solemn roar commingles at all times
Groans, laughter, hatred, love, toils, virtues, crimes.
Remember, Lord ! Thy praying children there ;
And for the righteous' sake, the sinful spare.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

RURAL CHARMS.



So near the town, what rural charms combine !
The breezy knoll, the ferny brake, and dells
With wood-anemones, and pale blue-bells,
Broom, heather, golden gorse, and eglantine :
Copses where trailing brambles intertwine,
Where birds, bees, butterflies make holiday ;
And sunny lawns, where gleesome children play ;
And pools that 'mid the verdure radiant shine.
What gorgeous sunsets doth thy brow behold,
Flooding the scene with opalescent gold !
Yonder the silent landscape melts in blue ;
I turn—the millioned city meets my view ;
I pray—uplifted on this central down—
Thou Who didst make the Country, guard the Town.

IN HIGHGATE CEMETERY.

“Death is swallowed up in victory.”



ARE death's dark emblems suited for the grave
Of those who dwell in Heaven's unclouded light ?
For souls arrayed in robes of dazzling white
Shall blackest palls, and plumes funereal wave ?
Shall lilies drooping with untimely blight,
Torches reversed whose flame is quenched in night,
And columns shattered, our compassion crave
For those whom Christ, by death, did fully save—
Who now, made perfect, serve, and in His sight
Drink of the fountain of supreme delight ?
Rear high the shaft ! “NEW LIFE” thereon engrave !
Turn up the torch ! it never burnt so bright ;
A richer beauty to the lily give !
The Christian dies that he may fully live.

SACRED SONGS IN CLOUD & SUNSHINE.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

PRAISE the Lord, ye realms of nature !
 To your King glad homage pay ;
 Sound His glory, every creature,
 Day proclaim it unto day ;
 Sun, that speaks His fadeless splendour,
 Moon, that mildly rules the night,
 Circling planets, praises render,
 Praise Him, all ye stars of light !

Let the earth bend low before Him
 Round its axle as it rolls ;
 Isles and continents, adore Him,
 Blazing zone, and icy poles ;
 Alpine peaks, reflect His glory,
 Burn, volcanoes, in His praise ;
 Hill to valley shout the story,
 Every land an altar raise.

Torrents foaming from the mountains,
Rivers winding through the plain,
Murmuring streams and bubbling fountains,
Hissing hail and fruitful rain :
Praise Him ! rolling waves of ocean,
Crested billows, slumbering blue ;
Blend, ye waters, in devotion,
Morning mists and diamond dew.

Let the months, in long procession,
Each its proper tribute pay ;
Let the seasons, in succession,
On His altar offerings lay ;
Incense fit from each ascending,
Summer, led by tuneful spring,
Gifted autumn, grateful bending,
Winter wild, His praises sing.

Praise Him forests, dark, primeval,
Spreading oak and pillared pine,
With the ancient world coeval ;
Praise Him, corn and clustered vine :
Roses praise Him ! fragrant bowers,
Jessamine and lilies twine ;
All ye field and garden-flowers,
Him to praise your charms combine.

All your varied voices blending,
Pealing thunder, whispering breeze,
Plaintive notes from flocks ascending,
Murmur of the trembling trees ;

Raise the psalm of adoration,
Sounding sea and tinkling rill ;
Swell the chorus of Creation,
Tuneful grove, and echoing hill.

Bees amidst the blossoms humming,
Linnets carolling the spring,
Cuckoos' shout of summer coming,
Larks high soaring as ye sing ;
Nightingales with pensive rapture,
Blackbird, thrush and cooing dove,
Wingéd choristers of nature,
Sing your Maker's psalm of love.

Ponderous whale and tiny minnow,
Huge behemoth, gay gazelle,
All that dive beneath the billow,
All that in the forest dwell ;
Insects in the sunshine dancing,
Merry in their mystic maze,
Flocks reposing, horses prancing,
Join in Nature's hymn of praise.

Praise Jehovah, all creation !
Praise Him, ye above the sky !
Praise Him, every tribe and nation !
Praise Him, Heaven ! let earth reply !
All ye seraph-choirs adore Him !
Saints triumphant robed in white,
Ransomed sinners bend before Him ;
All in praise to God unite !

NATIONAL HYMN.



GOD bless our dear old England !
With cliffs so bold and white,
Round which the angry billows
So vainly roar and fight :
God bless our sons and daughters,
And make them pure and brave ;
By righteousness, the Nation,
O righteous Father ! save.

God bless our beautiful England !
This cultured garden fair ;
With orchard, meadow, corn-field,
Lovely beyond compare :
Adorn her with the beauties
Of holiness and grace,
These fruits and flowers reflecting,
O Lord ! Thy smiling face.

God bless our grand old England !
With proud historic name ;
And may she yet outrival
Her thousand years of fame :
But chiefly—make her steadfast
In godliness and truth,
Wisdom of age uniting
With all the zeal of youth.

God bless the wealth of England !
Her industry and trade ;
And ne'er by vile ambition
May she her power degrade ;
First in the roll of nations
Let her by justice be ;
Rich in good works, and pleasing,
O God of Peace, to Thee.

God bless our home of freedom !
Her oldest, dearest shrine ;
Sacred by blood of martyrs
Guarding the " Right Divine : "
Still may the flag of England
O'er freemen only wave ;
But chief, from sin's dominion
Thy chartered people save.

God bless our land of churches !
Where spire and tower are seen
Thick foresting the cities,
And gladdening the green :
Make all their pastors faithful,
Bless every house of prayer ;
When Christians meet for worship
Be with them everywhere.

God bless the Queen of England !
Our noble and our great ;
Our senators and judges,
And those who guide the State ;

Breathe over all their counsels
Wisdom and patriot health,
Thy faith and fear directing
Our regal Commonwealth.

God bless our English people !
Brave, loyal, trusty folk ;
Free from all chain of bondage,
Scorning each sinful yoke ;
May rich and poor together
Labour and love as one,
A happy, royal Priesthood,
And so Thy will be done.

Old England ! Heaven defend her !
God bless our native land ;
Beside her in all danger
Do Thou her Guardian stand.
God bless our dear old England !
And may she ever be
Exalted 'midst the nations,
By faith, O Lord, in Thee !

CATHEDRAL & VILLAGE CHURCH.

O THOU that hearest prayer
Within the pillared choir,
And through the fretted roof dost send
The Pentecostal fire ;

In humblest village church,
With equal richest grace,
Thou dost Thy benediction breathe,
And show Thy smiling face.

O Thou that hearest prayer
When cloistered arches thrill,
And surpliced voice with organ's swell
The vast cathedral fill ;
The simplest song of babe
To Jesus is as dear ;
The heartfelt, grateful, rustic hymn
Is music in Thine ear.

At times the solemn dirge
Trembles round tombs of Kings ;
And death of patriots, poets famed,
The surging concourse brings :
But those of low degree
The intercession share ;
For cottage-home with palace blends
The sympathising prayer.

Hearer of prayer ! to Thee
Praises in every tongue
Alike are graciously received,
By prince or peasant sung ;
Accept the homage true
I offer here to Thee,
Look down in pity and in love,
And hearken e'en to me.

THE CHURCH, ONE GARDEN.



THE garden of the Lord spreads far and wide ;
But not in one huge bed, unvaried, grow
The trees which He has planted ; fruits and flowers,
The lily, rose and jasmine—fragrant bowers,
In differing borders the same beauty show.
Such varying forms true oneness cannot hide ;
They beautify the garden, not divide.
We hedge and fence our favourite bed—but lo !
Beyond the barrier, to reprove our pride,
Are flowers as sweet and fair ; the heaven-taught bees,
Seeking the honey, scorn the fence ; the breeze
Incense from all alike to God doth blow ;
On all the beds He pours His showers Divine,
On all the garden makes His sun to shine.

THE CHURCH, THE BRIDE OF CHRIST.

O BRIDE of Christ, how beautiful art thou !
Of myrrh and cassia thy garments smell,
From ivory-palaces where thou dost dwell.
A queenly crown adorns thy radiant brow ;
Thy retinue kings' daughters vie to swell ;
With cheerful gifts to thee all nations bow ;
No tongue thy peerless charms can fitly tell.
But whence thy glory? Given thee from above :
Not the mock jewels which the worldly prize,
Thy gems are goodness, meekness, truth, and love.
Alas ! that we should hide, by shows of earth,
The beauty that is thine by heavenly birth.
Bridegroom Divine ! tear off each vain disguise,
Thus her true charms shall win all hearts and eyes.

THE BEST GIFT.

“Give me thy heart.”

“There is none upon earth I desire beside Thee.”



WERE I, on God's high altar, to present
All I possess—if, as a sacrifice,
I offered up whate'er men chiefly prize ;
Yea, if the splendours of the firmament,
The universe itself, could all be sent
As tribute to the Monarch of the skies,
Without the heart, such gifts He would despise ;
Without such gifts the heart would Him content.
So I should still unsatisfied remain,
Were riches, honour, fame and friendship mine—
Of poverty my soul would still complain :
Beyond Thy *gifts*, for *Thee*, for Thee I pine ;
Without Thyself, such treasures would be vain—
Thyself, without such gifts, art endless gain.

HEAVENLY TREASURE.

“Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.”

WHY seek our chiefest treasure here below
Where moth and rust corrupt? Why fix our heart
Where closest ties are quickly torn apart?
Why, on an ocean where such tempests blow,
Embark so rich a freight? Why, 'mid the snow
Of so unkind a winter, plant a flower
So fragrant, yet so frail? Why build Hope's tower
Where lightnings flash, and whelming torrents flow?

But, if our thoughts and energies are bent
In God enduring portion to secure,
Whate'er betide, our heritage is sure;
When the destroying angels forth are sent,
When rolls away the starry firmament,
Our bliss, unharmed, shall, e'en as God, endure.

“BEHOLD, I COME QUICKLY.”

“EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS.”



WHY, Lord, O why so long dost Thou delay
Thy promised coming ? Why so long postpone
The glorious triumph by Thy prophets shown,
And by the Church expected ? Lord, we pray
That now, e'en now, may dawn Millennium's day :
Pity Creation's long-continued groan,
Answer the prayers that gather round Thy throne,
Nor let Thy chariot-wheels their advent stay.
O come to curb the serpent's cruel rage,
And, sin, our deadly foe, in fetters bind ;
Wipe every tear away, all grief assuage,
Reveal Thy truth and love to all mankind ;
Let warfare, pride, oppression, envy cease ;
And fill distracted earth with heavenly peace.

BOLDNESS IN THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

“Because as He is so are we in this world.”



As He our judge is so are we on earth :
He shares our nature, we His heavenly birth ;
We live in fellowship with Him alway ;
We bear His likeness, praise Him, trust Him, pray ;
He bears our guilt, His virtue is our worth ;
His cause, His friends are ours ; we Him obey,
Together work, His favour makes our day ;
His love, His yoke, His service, our true mirth.
Bound up in brotherhood and interest thus,—
Our Lord and Saviour, true unchanging Friend,
We one with Him as He is one with us,—
Such union formed by Him can never end.

Why should we fear, with Him upon the throne
Whom now on earth we bless as all our own ?

HEAVEN INDEED.

“His servants shall serve Him.”



HIS servants serve Him. Happy, happy they !
The perfect service of a perfect Lord,
With duty and desire in full accord,
Is Heaven indeed ; 'tis rapture to obey
When love constrains, unweariedly, always.
Alas ! in seeming service, often now,
To some veiled form of self we basely bow ;
Some worldly motive dims the heavenly ray,
And thus the prize of service true we miss :
'Tis perfect sunshine that makes perfect day.

In Heaven, the radiant, all-inclusive bliss,
The brightest glory of their crown is this—
They from their Lord's commandments never swerve ;
Him with exulting joy “His servants serve.”

THE SOWER.

“He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”



WEeping goes forth the sower on his way ;
Weeping—although he beareth precious seed ;
Weeping—because he knows his utter need ;
Weeping through many a dark and stormy day.
He weeps for goodly grain cast quite away ;
For barren footpath and delusive soil
Where rocks, scarce hidden, all his labour foil ;
For early bloom of hopes that will not stay ;
For thriving plants choked up by many a weed ;
Yet ceases not to sow, and watch, and pray.
The Saviour, as *He* sowed, did weep and bleed,
But now rejoices with the fruit alway :
So, like the Master, he who sows and grieves
Shall doubtless come again with joyful sheaves.

PATIENT WAITING.

“ Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him.”



THE snows of winter nurse the hopeful corn ;
Long patient months produce the harvest fair ;
The darkling clouds the sunset's throne prepare ;
'Mid glacier crags are noblest rivers born ;
Wild tempest tracks the mountain-face adorn ;
In deepest mines are treasured gems most rare ;
The port seems calmer reached through storms'of care.
The night of weeping ends in joyful morn ;
Events are not as first they meet the sight ;
The sons of God by passing griefs are blest ;
Amid the dark He ever leads to light ;
His purposes and plans are always right.
Commit Thy way to Him—His way is best ;
O wait for Him, wait patiently, and rest.

A PORTRAIT.

“She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.”



INSTINCT with goodness ; sensible, refined,
Both grave and gay, wise, witty ; native grace
More natural by noblest culture made ;
A charm enhancing beauty in a face
The earthly mirror of a heavenly mind,
Perennial charm, in autumn ne'er to fade ;
Fair landscape varied, sunshine, pensive shade ;
With nooks where friends sweet hidden flowers may
 find ;
A steadfast, tender, sympathising heart ;
Crowning man's strength with beauty, counterpart :
An angel forming but a woman still,
Happy all woman's holy place to fill :
Far wealthier than by widest empire's throne,
The man who calls such treasure all his own.

TOGETHER.



TOGETHER ! O the rapture of the day
When two full streams that side by side had run,
With mutual gladness glided into one !
No longer twain—inseparable away.
O blissful hope, though swift years pass away,
Never will set that daily brightening sun,
Never be lost this growing treasure won.
Together in the earthly, heavenly race,
In holy service as in fond embrace :
The life, bliss, work of love is never done.
Together now, dearer and still more dear—
Such blending of two kindred spirits here
Is pledge and earnest of the perfect love
Which constitutes the home of Heaven above.

BOLTON ABBEY.

PREFACE TO "BOLTON ABBEY HYMNS."



ENTRANCED with varied loveliness, I gaze
On Bolton's hallowed fane. Its hoary walls,
More eloquent, in ruin, than the halls
Of princely pomp, their solemn features raise
'Mid thick embowering elms. Meek cattle graze
The peaceful pastures circling it around ;
Reflective Wharfe flows by with pensive sound.
And heathery hills look down through purple haze.
All lend their aid to prompt these humble lays ;
Some kind and soothing influence all have given—
The mouldering Abbey, and the moss-grown grave,
The breezy moorland, and the rock-nurst wave,
Cliff, meadow, forest—all direct to Heaven,
All blend their voices in one psalm of praise.

AT BOLTON ABBEY.



LIKE this fair temple overthrown,
With broken arch and crumbling stone,
The soul, though reared by hands divine,
In ruin lies, a shattered shrine.

These walls now roofless, rent and bare,
Once echoed to the chanted prayer ;
And joyful strains of holy song
Sublimely rolled these aisles along.

But though polluted and defaced,
Its pristine pattern may be traced ;
And, on its sculptured fragments, still
The Builder's name is legible.

Restore Thy ruined temple, Lord !
O speak the soul-transforming word ;
Thy cleansing blood can expiate,
Thy Holy Spirit new create.

Remove the deep and deadly stain
Of orgies dark, and rites profane ;
Bid lust, pride, selfishness depart,
Drive every idol from my heart.

Let sacrilegious foot no more
Presume to tread this temple-floor ;
Henceforth be no pollution found
To desecrate this holy ground.

Rebuild the altar, kindle there
The incense of habitual prayer ;
And let the sacrifice of love
Accepted rise, through Christ above.

Let patient efforts to fulfil
Thy holy, wise, and gracious will,
A constant psalm of praise uplift,
More prized by Thee than pompous gift.

Let tower and pinnacle arise,
From earth up-soaring to the skies';
And every thought and purpose be
An aspiration unto Thee.

Thus, Lord ! my ruined soul restore,
To be Thy home for evermore ;
A glorious, consecrated shrine,
Eternally, completely Thine !

A WINTER SONG.

I BLESS the God of winter
Who spreads the fleecy snow,
To guard the springing seed-corn
And make it fruitful grow ;
Who sends the frost and east wind
To dry and break the soil,
Prepared for plough and harrow,
And ease the farmer's toil.

How beautiful the branches,
The trees more clearly seen
In firm and graceful structure
Than hid in leafy screen ;

The smiling moss and ivy
 'Mid raging storms the same,
True type of faithful friendship,
 Unchanged by loss and shame.

How pure the silver edging
 Of bud and twig and spray,
How bright the jewels flashing
 Brief gleams of winter's day ;
Hark how dear Robin Redbreast
 Pours forth his cheerful lays,
And teaches e'en in trouble
 To sing our Father's praise.

Be with me, Lord, in sorrow,
 May all things work for good,
The tempest speed me homeward,
 The frost provide me food ;
May soundness grow from sickness
 And holy mirth from mist,
And fruits and flowers be fairer
 On fields the clouds have kissed.

Help me in every season—
 In summer, autumn, spring,
And when the nights are longest,
 Thy constant praise to sing ;
Help me to see the beauty
 That decks the darkest hour,
And in Thy care confiding
 Extol Thy love and power.

THE PRIMROSE.



I LOVE the early primrose
That lightens up the lane,
So radiant in the sunshine,
So cheerful after rain ;
Good-bye to dreary winter
How gladly doth it sing,
And tells of milder weather,
And hopeful, happy spring.

I wish that like the primrose
My life were always bright,
And shone in darkest pathways
With mild and constant light ;
I wish that I reflected
Each sun-ray from above,
I wish that 'neath the storm-cloud
I always smiled with love.

I wish that in the valley
As on the swelling hill,
Seen, or unseen, with beauty
I did my task fulfil ;
In life's secluded copses
As in the garden gay,
Beside the forest foot-track
As by the broad high-way.

I would be ever showing
That winter's reign is o'er ;
A happy pledge and promise
Of joys for evermore ;
I would be like the primrose,
And sing in sun or shade,
Of spring the everlasting,
Of flowers that never fade.

FADING LEAVES.

Our life, how frail it is—
Changeful and brief :
Spring, summer fly : then we
Fade as a leaf !
Why should a thought like this
Minister grief,
If we our end fulfil,
E'en as a leaf ?
Then brightening at the close,
Hoping relief
From sorrow, sin, and care,
Fade as a leaf ?
Brief winter, fadeless spring,
Blissful belief !
This is our joy that we
Fade as a leaf !
Of all our ends in life,
This then be chief,
Ripe, hopeful, bright, that we—
Fade as a leaf.

PILGRIM SONG.



REJOICE, fellow travellers ! banish your sighs !
To the hills of Salvation, with hope lift your eyes ;
And as ye press onward, exultingly sing
The love never changing of Jesus our King.

He waiteth to welcome His servants on high ;
He now, as we journey, is constantly nigh ;
Companion, Consoler, and Guide in the road
To mansions prepared for His people's abode.

To the eye of the thoughtless, our journey may seem,
The dreary delusion of children who dream ;
But they see not the beauties which pilgrims behold,
And they feel not our joys which can never be told.

Such comfort He gives as we journey along,
That the timid grow brave, and the weary ones strong ;
With the music of promise He charmeth the ear,
Till faith beholds home and Jerusalem near.

Rocks, frowning afar, look kindlier near,
And smiling with flowers their fissures appear :
On tracts the most barren bright mosses abound ;
With sorrows the saddest some comforts are found.

At times our advance is apparently closed
By valleys contracting, and cliffs interposed ;
But, as we go forward, the path opens out
To gardens of gladness, through defiles of doubt.

How pure and refreshing the life-giving rills,
As with silvery songs they leap down from the hills !
What vigour and gladness their waters impart
To the traveller, wearied and fainting in heart !

Choice fruits overhang, inviting the taste
Of all who to God and Jerusalem haste ;
The Rose and the Lily their sweetness exhale,
And the music of Heaven is borne on the gale.

The lions may roar, but those lions are chained ;
Apollyon may rage, but his wrath is restrained ;
Through the dark vale of conflict we'll sing as we
fight,
Till the Mountains Delectable burst on our sight.

But when we look forward, what regions of light,
Bathed in tints of the rainbow, enravish the sight !
A Paradise teeming with beauties untold,
A city resplendent with jasper and gold.

No pestilence poisons the health-breathing air ;
No storms ever darken the scenery there ;
The heat never scorches, the frost never chills,
But perpetual spring clothes the valleys and hills.

'Tis holiness renders the city so bright ;
True secret of splendour, pure source of delight ;
Its gold and its jewels—its dignity, this—
The perfection of Love is the fulness of bliss.

Bright squadrons of angels in countless array,
Meet with prophets and martyrs, from earth passed
away ;
The saints of all ages, made perfect, are there ;
And the friends, gone before us, our welcome prepare.

Then rejoice ! fellow travellers ; banish your sighs !
To the hills of Salvation with hope lift your eyes !
And as ye press onward, exultingly sing
The love never changing of Jesus our King.

“MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.”

My times are in Thy hand !

I know not what a day
Or fleeting hour may bring to me,
But I am safe while trusting Thee,
Should all things fade away.
All weakness I,—On Him rely
Who fixed the earth. and spread the sky.

My times are in Thy hand !

Pale poverty or wealth,
Corroding care or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath or winter's snows,
Sickness or buoyant health—
Whate'er betide,—If God provide,
'Tis best ; I wish no lot beside.

My times are in Thy hand !

Should friendship pure illume,
And strew my path with fairest flowers,
Or should I spend life's dreary hours
In solitude's cold gloom,
Thou art a Friend—Till time shall end
The same—in Thee all beauties blend.

My times are in Thy hand !

Many or few my days,
I leave with Thee— this only pray,

That by Thy grace, I, every day
Devoting to Thy praise,
May ready be—To welcome Thee,
Whene'er Thou com'st to set me free.

My times are in Thy hand !
Howe'er those times may end ;
Sudden or slow my soul's release,
'Midst anguish, tumult, or in peace,
I'm safe with Christ, my Friend :
If He is nigh,—Howe'er I die,
'Twill be the dawn of ecstasy.

My times are in Thy hand !
To Thee I can entrust
My slumbering clay, till Thy command
Bids all the dead before Thee stand,
Awaking from the dust.
Beholding Thee,—What bliss 'twill be,
In praise to spend eternity.

To spend eternity
In Heaven's unclouded light !
From sorrow, sin, and frailty free,
Beholding and resembling Thee—
O too transporting sight !
Prospect too fair—For flesh to bear—
To know the bliss we must be there.

WHY PRAY?



WHY pray? As if each small affair
Of little man might claim the care
Of Him Who reigns in boundless state!

If not—is He so great?

But *can* the God Who guides the sphere
Of universal Nature, hear
As if I only were in sight?

Is He not infinite?

But how shall He Who ruleth all,
Who guards the great, observe the small,
How *can* He tend each single soul?

If not—how rule the whole?

But if my prayer He *can* thus hear,
Say—*will* He deign to bend His ear?
Give me some proof more strong than creeds!

Thy heart within thee pleads.

But is there proof in mere desire
For that to which my hopes aspire?
May I thus trust my nature weak?

'Tis God in thee doth speak:

*From God that heavenly instinct came;
He wrote on thee His holy name;
That conscious need, those yearnings strong,
He gave, and will not wrong.*

PRAYER
ANSWERED IN DISAPPOINTMENT.

“One jewel more,” I cried, “to make me glad :”

He took the one I had.

“Come quickly, Lord, and heal this wounded heart :”

Still more He made it smart.

“At length from trouble bid my soul repose :”

Yet thicker came the blows.

“Grant me a life of active zeal,” I said :

He laid me on sick bed.

I asked to soar in sunlight, as the lark ;

But groped on, dumb and dark.

“At least give peace in triumph over sin :”

More loud grew battle’s din.

“O let me rest with Thee in pastures green :”

Only steep crags are seen.

“Why with keen knife, dear Lord, dost prune me so ?”

Grace will more quickly grow.

“Why in my portion mix such bitter leaven ?”

To fit thee more for Heaven.

“Lord, take Thy way with me—Thy way, not mine :”

My child, all things are thine !

All in the end, though grievous, shall prove best,

And then—Eternal Rest !

FATHER AND CHILD.

My Father ! let Thy foolish child complain !

It seems as if my prayer and hope were vain.

“O foolish child, can it be vain to pray,

“And converse hold with me from day to day?”

But no response my earnest cry receives ;

The boon refused, my baffled spirit grieves !

“Impatient child, the gift is but delayed,

“That when bestowed more helpful may be made !”

But oft the pleasure that I fondly crave

Is backward carried by the mocking wave !

“The toy, poor child, that so delights thine eye,

“Might wound the soul, and cause long misery.”

But in the dark I hear no answering voice ;

No friend appears to bid my heart rejoice !

“O doubting child, thy Friend Divine is near :

“Cease thy complaints, and then His voice thou’lt
hear.”

But they who seek not God, nor do His will,

Their hopes accomplish and their garners fill !

“Thy God they know not, seek not, nor obey ;

“They have no hope ! And would’st thou be as
they ?”

O for some proof that godliness is gain !

Surely I’ve cleansed my hands and heart in vain !

“But godliness itself is glory given ;

“And to be clean in hands and heart is Heaven.”

Father ! Thy blind and foolish child forgive !
I have Thyself, else 'twere not life to live !
On Earth, in Heaven, whom have I, Lord, but Thee ?
Whom else need I desire eternally ?

THE IMPORTUNATE WIDOW.

(Luke xviii. 1—8.)

MOST RIGHTEOUS JUDGE ! our Father dear,
Thine own elect, Thy children hear ;
By night and day Thy help we crave ;
From sin, our adversary, save.

All-merciful and true art Thou ;
Love is the circlet of Thy brow ;
Our prayers are pleasing in Thy sight,
To save the lost is Thy delight.

Not as the widow, poor, unknown,
Unbidden—bow we at Thy throne ;
For we are kings and priests of Thine,
Friends, children, urging pleas Divine.

Uncalled she came, and yet was heard ;
We come, encouraged by Thy word :
By Thee commanded not to fear,
We come with filial boldness near.

Her *own* request the widow urged ;
Our cause in Thine, O God, is merged :
For when we ask the avenging blow,
Not merely ours, but Thine the foe.

Alone the widow pressed her plea,
But God's own Son doth plead with me ;
Stands at my side the while I pray,
And Him the Father hears alway.

Lord ! if the widow gained her suit,
Thou canst not to my prayer be mute ;
My hopes can ne'er by Thee be checked,
Thou must avenge Thine own elect.

Avenge me speedily ! o'erthrow
My doubts and sins—destroy each foe—
Complete Thy work—give perfect peace—
And bid my anxious conflict cease.

If e'er it seem Thou waitest long,
Thus tune my harp for sweeter song ;
Love may defer, but ne'er forget ;
Thy heart is on my welfare set.

Are pleas like mine too urgent, Lord ?
They are Thine own most gracious word ;
Hast Thou not taught the weakest saint
“ Always to pray and not to faint ” ?

Help, Lord ! O help my unbelief ;
Increase my faith midst gathering grief ;
Thus aided—till my latest day
May I not faint, but always pray.

NATURE AND FRIENDSHIP.



I THANK Thee, Lord, for glowing peak,
First heralding the dawn ;
I thank Thee for the daisy bright,
Whose smiles illumine the lawn.

I thank Thee for the ocean vast,
With all its crested waves ;
I thank Thee for the tinkling brook,
Forget-me-not that laves.

I thank Thee for the torrent's roar,
And thunder's awful voice ;
For blackbird, thrush and nightingale,
Making the woods rejoice.

I thank Thee for an eye to see
The beauty all around,
And for a childlike heart that still
With nature's joy doth bound.

Such solace on my pilgrim-path
I prize as sent by Thee ;
But most of all I thank Thee, Lord,
For human sympathy :

For loving hearts, that, pure and warm,
Beat in response with mine ;
For friendship's sacred ivy-leaves
That closely intertwine.

Hush ! feeble words ; glad tears must tell
My thanks for peace thus given ;
Loving and loved,—this brightens all,
Blest sunbeam sent from Heaven.

PARTED BUT PRAYING FRIENDS.



THOUGH parted, near ; felt though unseen :
When hearts are one naught comes between ;
Time, distance, darkness—what can sever ?
Friendship, if true, endures for ever.

The drops that fall in fertile rain
Meet in the clouds of heaven again ;
Drawn by their central Sun, they rise,
Embracing in their native skies.

So Friendship, that oft parted seems,
Flowing in far divergent streams,
May hold blest intercourse above,
Communing through the Source of love.

O Friend Divine ! O Brother dear !
My prayer for friends far parted hear ;
Their forms beloved I cannot see,
But I can reach them, Lord, through Thee.

I watch the face that on them shines,
I touch the arm that round them twines,
I listen to the gracious voice
That makes my absent friends rejoice.

O that, responsive to my love,
Some blessing from our Friend above
On friends below might now descend,
And thus our prayers and praises blend.

If now their face be wet with tears,
If now their heart be tossed with fears,
Thus let me wipe those tears away,
And turn wild night to tranquil day.

If ambushed archer aims his dart,
My prayer may shield th' imperilled part ;
And in the weary mountain-land,
May to the faint lend helping hand.

E'en so, when my own fears are quelled,
My feeble, faltering steps upheld,
My sorrows soothed with balm from Heaven,
And blessings unexpected given—

When, in temptation's darkest hour,
I feel sustained by sudden power,
And, 'midst the tempest hear a voice
Whisper, " Fear not, 'tis I, rejoice !"—

'Tis sweet to think my Father's care
Responds to love's effectual prayer,
And that the friend I cannot see
Moves thus the hand that helpeth me.

O for the blissful home on high,
Where friends endeared are always nigh ;
Soul linked with soul in full accord,
One with each other and their Lord ;

Where, freed from trammels of the earth,
In that pure region of her birth,
Friendship asserts her right Divine
In God's own light undimmed to shine.

He will be seen in every face,
Felt in each holy, fond embrace,
Heard in each dear responsive voice,
Loved more, the more we so rejoice.

Thus love of God and love of friends
Will swell a song that never ends—
All praise to Friendship's Source be given,
For God is Love, and Love is Heaven.

AFTER SEEING TITIAN'S "ASSUMPTION" IN VENICE.

WEEP not for me—Rejoice !
I hear my Saviour's voice ;
He calls me from on high.
See ! through the opening sky,
Troops of bright angels making music sweet,
And pouring down my uncaged soul to greet :
Weep not for me !

These sorrow-streaming faces,
These agonised embraces,
Are all unfit for such an hour as this :
Rejoice ! it is my entrance into bliss.
Grudge not my deathless gain—
Freedom from sin and pain—
Unloose your hands of love !
They draw me from above !

What beauteous forms appear !
What rapturous notes I hear !
No tongue the glory e'er can tell !
Dear friends, whom ne'er I loved so well,
For a brief hour we sever—
Soon to embrace for ever—
But now, I would no longer stay :
See ! See ! they beckon me away !
Farewell !—

With Christ to dwell !—

Farewell !

AFTER WATCHING THE LUNAR ECLIPSE, JAN. 28, 1888.

PILGRIMS of Light, we wend our way,
Not to the darkness of the grave,
But through the grave to cloudless day,
By Him Who died from Death to save.

We journey not to reach the tomb,
But through the tomb our home above :
Darkness and Death are not our doom,
But perfect Life in perfect Love.

By Death we reach the realms of Light,
To Life unending soar away :
'Tis not the day that ends in night,
But darkness melting into day.

With finer faculties endued,
To nobler service we are called ;
From brief eclipse, the soul renewed,
Emerges pure and disenthralled.

Eclipse how brief ! a moment's space :
We cross the line, we pierce the veil ;
And then behold Him face to face,
Where earth's dark shadows ne'er assail.

The clouds, the storms, are left behind ;
The race, the fight, the weeping done :
The longed-for home at once we find,
Bright in a never-setting Sun.

Hail fadeless Sun ! unclouded day !
Hail realms of ever new delight !
There we shall sing and serve away,
Raptured and perfect in His sight.

STORM-TOST.



TOST with many a wave,—While the loud winds rave,
Sick and weary with the motion
Of the never resting ocean,
Help from Heaven I crave.

Now I mount on high.—Now in gulfs I lie ;
Vainly toiling, fainting, weeping,
Hostile tempests o'er me sweeping,
Hear my suppliant cry !

Lord I look to Thee !—Thou didst make the sea ;
Thou didst calm the stormy billow,
Waking from Thy weary pillow ;
Calm the storm for me !

When the gale is high,—On the wave draw nigh ;
Meet my gaze of grateful wonder,
Let me hear amidst the thunder—
“ Fear not, it is I.”

Through the storm and dark,—Be my soul's true Ark ;
Though the hissing waves break o'er me,
Thou hast felt their force before me !
Steer my quivering bark !

When the light grows less,—In my utmost stress,
When the clouds of death shall darken,
In the gloom of midnight hearken !
Help, and save, and bless.

Guide me swiftly o'er !—Bring me safe to shore !
Storms all past, to me be given
Thee to see, and serve in Heaven,
Praising evermore.

Driven up and down in Adria, February, 1870.

“MIGHTIER THAN MANY WATERS.”

CROSSING life's tempestuous ocean,
Lord ! I lift my prayer to Thee ;
Helpless mid the wild commotion,
Jesus, save and succour me.
Thou art stronger,
Stronger than the raging sea.

When the blinding fog surrounds me,
Doubling danger in the dark ;
When the howling gale confounds me,
When the waves sweep o'er my bark,
Jesus save me !
Save as in Thy chosen Ark.

When nor sun nor stars are shining,
And I cannot trace my way ;
When my heart for home is pining,
Hold my rudder, lest I stray.
Guide me, cheer me.
Cheer with hopes of cloudless day.

Come ! and then delay is fleetness ;
Let me hear Thy voice—" I will ;"
Speak ! the storm-din then is sweetness ;
Saved am I by seeming ill.
Jesus whispers !
Waves obey Him ! " Peace ! be still ! "

See the longed-for shore appearing !
Landed we shall shortly be ;
Wintry waves no longer fearing,
Yonder where is no more sea—
Hallelujah !
We will ever sing to Thee.

During a Gale on the Atlantic, 1870.

CHRIST ON THE STORMY SEA.

SAVIOUR ! when wildest storms of care
Would sink my soul in deep despair,
O let me hear Thy voice declare—
“ ’Tis I !—be not afraid ! ”

Say to my troubled soul—“ ’Tis I !
“ Love rides upon the gloomy sky—
“ Not wrath, nor chance, nor destiny—
“ ’Tis I !—be not afraid ! ”

“ ’Tis I !—thy steadfast, loving Friend,
“ Round thee My arms of might extend,
“ My words with the loud thunder blend,
“ ’Tis I !—be not afraid ! ”

“ For thee I once was tempest-driven ;
“ With hostile winds I too have striven ;
“ Grief, keener far, my soul hath riven—
“ ’Tis I !—be not afraid ! ”

"I come to bid the waves be still,
"Thine anxious soul with peace to fill,
"And turn to good each seeming ill—

"'Tis I!—be not afraid!"

"The gale shall speed thee on the way,
"The lightning lend a helpful ray,
"The dark more quickly bring the day—

"'Tis I!—be not afraid!"

"Soon shall the storm be changed to calm,
"The oar of toil to conqueror's palm,
"The prayer of fear to rapture's psalm—

"'Tis I!—be not afraid!"

"In Heaven shall roll no stormy sea ;
"Thy peace shall there unbroken be ;
"At home eternally with Me,

"Thou ne'er shalt be afraid!"

Lake of Galilee, 1870.

ONWARD.

ONWARD ! Christian pilgrim, go,
Though the wild winds rudely blow ;
Though the storm-clouds gather black,
Though the mist obscures the track,
Though the driving rain and hail
Make thy faith and courage quail,
Howsoe'er the tempests blow,
Onward, Christian pilgrim, go !

Now along the rocky shore,
Angry waves tumultuous roar,
Flinging far their briny foam,
Dashing scorn on hopes of home ;
Though across the narrow way,
Drives the hissing, blinding spray ;
Though the billows fiercely flow,
Onward, Christian pilgrim, go !

On ! where rocks on rocks are piled,
Onward through the prickly wild,
Onward o'er the quivering bog,
Onward through the thickening fog,
Onward up the dizzy steep,
Onward where the torrents leap,
Though the danger seems to grow—
Onward, Christian pilgrim, go !

Home and safety yonder see !
There they wait to welcome thee :
Onward through the storm to calm ;
On to win the victor's palm !
Brief the labour, long the rest ;
Win the mansions of the blest !
Leaving tempest-clouds below,
Upward ! Christian pilgrim, go !

THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.



HOLD Thou me up, and then I shall be safe,
'Mid fiercest foes, and waves that wildly chafe ;
In Satan's darkest, deadliest hour,
When most I feel the tempter's power,
Hold Thou me up !

Eternal God ! my Refuge from alarms,
Beneath me place Thine everlasting arms ;
Hold me, alone I cannot stand,
Hold me by Thine Almighty hand,
Hold Thou me up !

My Father ! hold Thy frail and foolish child,
So apt to fall, by sin so oft beguiled ;
I have no strength to cleave to *Thee* :
My hope is that *Thou* holdest *me* ;
Hold Thou me up !

Hold me, as babe the mother comforteth
With love's caress and pity's soothing breath ;
As the good Shepherd safe doth hold
The sheep found wandering from the fold,
Hold Thou me up !

Hold me ; my faithful, sympathising Friend ;
Thy hand to soothe, assure, and comfort lend ;
Hold Thou my feeble hand in Thine,
Thy hand, so human, yet Divine—
Hold Thou me up !

With hands that children blessed, and lepers healed,
And to the blind the light of Heaven revealed ;

Hands bound with cruel cords for me,
And marked with scars from Calvary's tree,
Hold Thou me up !

'Mid daily toils and cares hold Thou me up ;
Support me while I drink woe's bitter cup ;

Embrace me with Thy circling arm,
Save me by love from every harm,
Hold Thou me up !

Hold me ; the ice my failing feet betrays ;
Hold me in valleys deep and dizzy ways ;
When bogs allure with treacherous green,
Or perils scare, too plainly seen,
Hold Thou me up !

At last, in death, hold Thou me up and save ;
Help me with songs to breast the threatening wave :

I fear no evil at Thy side,
Hold me amid the surging tide,
Hold Thou me up !

Thus hold me up through all the way to Heaven ;
Then unto Thee shall endless praise be given ;

Perfect in bliss, my boast will be
That I am still upheld by Thee,
Still held by Thee.

ECHO.



SAY, Echo ! where is joy with no sad leaven ?

Heaven !

Heavy the griefs that work out such delight.

Light !

Too great the cost, the flesh to crucify.

Fie !

Satan hath Destiny for strong ally.

A lie !

They say sin's sweet and safe—and I believe it.

Leave it.

I cannot, will not leave the soil I grew in.

Ruin !

Honour and ease I'll not exchange for shame.

For shame !

After such toil must I lose all again ?

A gain !

I think I'm good enough, in word, in deed.

Indeed ?

You doubt it, Echo ! wisdom much you need.

You need !

Say ! must I first all doctrine rightly know ?

No !

How keep myself from falling Satan's prey ?

Pray !

And will God hear me if to Him I cry ?

Aye !

And will He help if I to Him complain ?

Plain !

Shall I succeed if I by prayer endeavour ?

Ever !

I'll work, I'll fight, my weapons shall not rust !

Trust !

PATIENCE—NOT YET.



WEARY and sad, dear Lord, I look to Thee !

“Come, child, to me.”

A question I would ask, my heart to cheer.

“Speak, do not fear.”

When will my cheeks with tears no more be wet ?

“Patience—not yet.”

When will the flesh and spirit cease their strife ?

“Not in this life.”

When may I hope the victor's palm to wave ?

“Beyond the grave.”

When may I lay my sword and armour by ?

“In Heaven, on high.”

Shall I then ne'er attain to perfect rest ?

“Yes, with the blest.”

How can I face the dark and stormy tide ?

“I'm at thy side.”

How trials so prolonged can I endure ?

“My grace is sure.”

I fear, I faint, my tears in sorrow fall.

“I know it all.”

When shall I bask in Heaven, beneath Thy smile ?

“A little while ;

“Then—perfect rest and joy with Me above,

“Perfected love.”

PLEA FOR THE WANDERING.



PITY the wandering—O ! the bitter strife,
The shame, the fear, the anguish of their life.

Pray for the wandering—Jesus prays for *thee* ;
If He should weary grow, where wouldst *thou* be ?

Bear with the wandering, far as hope can go ;
Perhaps their foes were more than thou canst know.

Console the wandering—theirs is grief indeed ;
To those forsaken, be a friend in need.

Assist the wandering—thou mayst need a hand,
For thou mayst fall, who firmly now dost stand.

Be patient with the wandering—God with thee
Is patient, not from sin art *thou* quite free.

Seek out the wandering—love them, succour lend,
And thus resemble Christ, the wanderer's Friend.

Reclaim the wandering—thou hast been reclaimed,
And Jesus sought thee, found thee, cheered, though
blamed.

O save the wandering—bliss indeed 'twill be,
With souls thus won, to spend eternity.

"IN A STRAIT BETWIXT TWO."



I LOVE my home below,
The pleasant scenes of earth,
The nooks I so well know,
Dear country of my birth ;
But there's a home on high,
More beautiful and bright ;
No tempests cloud the sky,
The day ne'er sets in night.

More precious far than gold,
The friendship of the heart ;
I cannot loose my hold,
I cannot bear to part.
But Heaven has other friends
Who beckon me to go ;
Their circle still extends,
While lessens this below.

Thy presence, Lord ! how sweet,
How blissful, though unseen,
When with Thy saints we meet,
Or, lonely, on Thee lean.
But these delights, how brief !
Hindered by sin and care ;
How seldom such relief
Our weary spirits share.

O to behold Thee shine,
For ever, where Thou art !
To know Thee always mine,
And never more depart ;
To gain the prize long sought,
Thy perfect image share,
To love Thee as I ought—
'Tis better to be there !

Far better to depart
And with my Lord to be !
But if by toil and smart
I still may honour Thee ;
If to the least of Thine
I may some service do,
I would my wish resign,
In happy "strait 'twixt two."

"THIS SAME JESUS."

JESUS, our risen, glorious Lord,
Ascended to Thy throne,
By saints and seraphim adored,
Monarch supreme, alone !
We laud Thy greatness, we adore,
But most we bless Thy *Name* ;
For Thou art what Thou wast before,
Our JESUS—still the same :

The same Who to the leper said,
And touched him—*Be thou clean* ;
The same Whose kind hand gently led
The blind man, poor and mean ;
The lonely widow's bleeding heart
His heart of pity knew ;
He touched the bier, bade death depart,
And her son lived anew :

The same Who did the children call
To nestle in His breast ;
And bade the heavy-laden, all,
Come unto Him for rest :
His title was the Sinner's Friend ;
To save the lost He came ;
His love will never never end,
JESUS is still the same :

Who came with gentleness to call
The lost and wandering home,
And go in kindly quest of all
From truth and Heaven that roam ;
Whose feet the woman bathed with tears,
Who shielded her from shame,
Who spake her pardon, calmed her fears—
JESUS is still the same.

The same Who sorrowed at the grave
Where His friend Lazarus slept ;
And godlike consolation gave,
While human tears He wept ;

And still He joins the funeral train,
And weeps with those that weep ;
And whispers, "*He shall rise again*"—
For death is only sleep.

He shared our human misery,
Hunger He knew, and thirst ;
He groaned in dark Gethsemane,
His heart with sorrow burst ;
Our inward conflicts, yearnings, woes,
The frailty of our frame,
Our Brother felt, and still He knows,
And still remains the same :

The same Who bowed His head to die,
And stained the bitter cross
With streams of human agony,
To compensate our loss ;
Who for His murderers did pray,
Nor uttered word of blame ;
JESUS! our Advocate this day,
Unchangeably the same.

In human form Heaven worships Thee ;
Still God our nature shows ;
Our Brother not ashamed to be,
Mindful of human woes ;
As man He mounted to the sky,
E'en as a man He came ;
And soon again shall every eye
Behold Him, still the same.

Thy sympathy, unchanging Friend,
Is strength, and joy, and rest ;
Thy love, till life's long toil shall end,
Makes e'en our sorrows blest ;
And when at last shall melt away
Creation's mighty frame,
We'll praise, through Heaven's eternal day,
Our JESUS—still the same.

Sunday Morning on the Mount of Olives, 1870.

CHRIST'S BIBLE—"IT IS WRITTEN."

"IT IS WRITTEN,"—said the Lord,
(Holy Spirit's two-edged sword)
Thus the Tempter He defied,
Thus to each assault replied.

Written—"Not by bread alone,"
Life is loyalty to the throne ;
Worship is obedience true,
Word of His, bread ever new.

Written—"Only Him ye serve,"
Ne'er from true allegiance swerve ;
He will keep thee all thy days,
Walking only in His ways.

Thus may we the Tempter foil,
Thus from spoiler snatch the spoil,
Trust in God—'*tis written* thus—
Harm shall never come near us.

His the Scripture to fulfil,
His the Father's Holy Will,
This to testify and do,
Teaching and obeying too.

Thus He conquered foemen's hate,
Thus His anguish did abate,
Thus the bitter cup He drank,
Thus from duty never shrank.

Thus He wreathed His victor brow,
Thus His kingly head did bow,
Thus upon the cross did own
Written Word upon the Throne.

It is written—thus He died,
Thus the powers of hell defied,
“*Finished*”—all the Scripture saith,
“*Written*”—thus He conquered death.

Praise to God for *written Word*,
Cited, revered by the Lord,
Childhood's Bible—every day
Will we honour, love, obey.

Jesus, what was dear to Thee
True and dear shall be to me ;
It is written—at Thy side,
Here for ever I abide.

TO LIVE FOR CHRIST IS GLORY.

WE will not pine for death and rest,
Too soon from service breaking ;
Fruit plucked unripe can ne'er be blest,
Our task beneath forsaking :
Not till the course is run,
Our Leader says " Well done ! "
Not till the conflict's borne,
The chaplet can be worn ;
The Cross, the Crown is making !

Our life on earth has tender ties
We should not wish to sever :
Rich works of faith, sweet charities,
Which soon must cease for ever :
To watch, and weep, and wait,
By love to conquer hate,
The flesh in curb to keep,
To rescue wandering sheep—
How noble such endeavour !

'Tis gain if Jesus bids us die,
When young, mature, or hoary ;
'Tis loss to wish the fight to fly,
Foreclosing life's bright story :
To battle for His laws,
To suffer for His cause,
To share His grief and shame,
To vindicate His name—
To live for Christ is glory.

MAN VITAL, MORE THAN MORTAL.



LIFE is wasted if we spend it
Idly dreaming how to die ;
Study how to *use*, not *end* it ;
Work to finish, not to fly.

Godly living—best preparing
For a life with God above.
Work ! and banish anxious caring ;
Death ne'er comes to active love.

Death is but an opening portal
Out of life to life on high :
Man is vital, more than mortal,
Meant to live, not doomed to die.

Praise for present mercies giving,
With good works your age endow ;
Death defy by Christlike living,
Heaven attain by service now.



THE UNKNOWN GOD



THOU *unknown God* ! unknown, though near,
So near, that everyone in Thee
Doth live and move—at length appear,
Nor let us still in darkness be.

Open the eyes that sin hath closed,
Unstop the ear so heedless grown,
Renew the will to Heaven opposed,
And be no more a *God unknown*.

Help me to see, in Jesu's face,
The glory of the Father shine ;
Make me to feel Thy saving grace,
And humbly, surely, call Thee mine ;
Within the veil Thy name impart,
Unto Thy children breathed alone ;
Thy covenant write upon my heart,
And God, as Love, henceforth be known.

More than the outward ear has heard,
More than mere intellect can see,
The hidden treasures of Thy word
Show, by the Holy Ghost, to me :
Bear inward witness to the soul
That Thou art mine, and I Thine own ;
The length, the breadth, the wondrous whole—
Reveal to me Thy love unknown.

Bestow the joy unspeakable,
The peace of God, surpassing thought ;
Converse with heaven which none can tell,
Oneness with Thee by Jesus wrought ;
And soon may I Thy glory see,
And bend before the sapphire-throne ;
Thus now, and in eternity,
Be Thou my God, my Father known.

THE TRUE VINE.



UNFAILING, plenteous Fount of Grace,
Blest Source of life Divine,
O help me to abide in Thee,
The true, the heavenly Vine.

Unless the root sends forth the sap,
The branches droop and die ;
Without the branch, the strongest vines
No leaves nor fruit supply.

I can do nothing, nothing am,
If severed, Lord, from Thee ;
O may I evermore abide
Firm grafted in the tree.

And do Thou, Lord, abide in me,
That I, by Thee, may grow ;
Deign, Lord, to use me as a branch,
Thy life and love to show.

Thus may the branch, without Thee dead,
Be filled with fruit and joy ;
And all its powers, derived from Thee,
In Thy dear praise employ.

“Abide in Me, and I in you.”
Fulfil this gracious word ;
Within me dwell, and may I live
For ever in the Lord.

BLUE RIBBON TEMPERANCE SONG.



HURRAH for the ribbon of blue !

Hurrah for our cause, good and true !

Love never must pause in the temperance cause ;

God helping, we'll carry it through.

We fight against beer, wine, and gin,

Chief abettors of sorrow and sin :

Come ! follow our flag, let none of us lag !

The battle we're certain to win.

Join hands in our holy crusade !

Of truth and of love wield the blade !

No anger we feel, we smite but to heal ;

Hallelujah ! for homes happy made.

Our brothers to help while we may ;

To search for the sheep gone astray ;

To rescue the slave, raise the dead from the grave,

We will watch, we will labour and pray.

Come, help in our cause good and true !

Sing hurrah for the ribbon of blue !

It benefits all, both the great and the small,

It is waiting to benefit *you* !

Then hurrah for the ribbon of blue !

Hurrah for our cause, good and true !

Love never must pause in the temperance cause ;

God helping, we'll carry it through.

CHRISTMAS CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

THE sunshine gleams on many a home of woe,
Seeming to mock the sick, the lone, the sad ;
And Christmas maketh many a tear to flow
The more its merry bells ring out—*Be glad !*
Yet stay those tears ; the Christ we laud to-day
Has come to share our griefs, and sympathise ;
To bear our sins and gloomy fears away,
And wipe all tears for ever from our eyes.

Wreathe the ivy, fix the holly,
Welcome Christmas, blithe and jolly ;
Let the children's gladsome laughter
Fill the house from floor to rafter ;
Youth and manhood in due measure,
Frosted age, too, share the pleasure,
This chief cause of holy mirth,
Christ, the Saviour's wondrous birth.

Welcome ! happy Christmas morn !
Day-dawn for our world of Heaven !
Unto us a child is born,
Unto us a Son is given !
Child, to bruise the serpent's head,
Son, to show the Father's love,
Saviour, rescuing the dead,
King, bestowing realms above.

Come to Bethlehem ! behold
Babe by prophets long foretold ;
See unrolled the wondrous plan,
God to men revealed as man ;
Earth and Heaven are reconciled
By Immanuel, new-born child.

Peace on earth, good will to men !
Send the echo back again !
Into ploughshares beat your swords,
Banish angry looks and words,
Real and fancied wrongs forget,
Jesus pays our mighty debt,
Now accept the full release,
Live with God and men at peace.

“HAPPY NEW YEAR.”

How the merry New-Year bells
Greetings scatter through the dells !
How the tower and steeple's voice
Bid the crowded town rejoice !
Heaven, in mercy, grant a year
Happier than we hope or fear ;
Let us, loving God and man,
Make it happy all we can.

Hence the old year's sin and strife,
Lead a purer, nobler life,
Stedfast stand for truth and right,
Live and labour in God's sight,
Good resolves in deeds appear,
Thus secure a Happy Year.

May this New Year be happy more
Than any old year gone before,
By increased sympathy with grief,
By rendering burdened ones relief,
By gentle words and loving deeds,
By ministry to others' needs,
By wiping off some mourner's tear,
Thus may we make a Happy Year.

Joy or grief? Privation? Wealth?
What has the year in store?
Tears or Laughter? Sickness? Health?
Will Death call at the door?
Jesus ! if I lean on Thee,
This New Year must happy be.

Sun of the morning, Joy of the Year,
All things adorning, Jesus come near,
Happiness bringing, dwell in my heart,
Heart ever singing—" *Never to part*"—
Friend most enduring, daily more dear,
Thus, Lord, securing "a Happy New Year."

“THY LOVINGKINDNESS IN THE
MORNING.”

'TIS sweet, when morn begins to break,
By morn's own music to awake ;
Hearing the sigh of trembling trees
That whisper to the whispering breeze ;
The matin-song of lark that soars
And 'at Heaven's gate' its rapture pours ;
The blackbird's mellow, tender note,
Response from many a tiny throat,
Till the full chorus of the grove
Bursts forth to praise the God of love :
But sweeter far at morn to hear
Thy lovingkindness, soft and clear.

When sleep's brief death departs with dawn,
And night's dark curtain is withdrawn,
How doth each faithful heart rejoice
To hear a friend's saluting voice ;
How blest in proof of love and life,
Greeting of husband and of wife ;
How musical to parents' ear
The treble tones of children dear ;
How sweet the mother's love exprest
To babe that nestles on her breast ;
But sweeter far at morn to hear
Thy lovingkindness, soft and clear.

O let me every morning hear
Thy lovingkindness, Father dear !
Though oft forgetful, wayward, wild,
Assure me I am still Thy child ;
Tell me my sins are all forgiven ;
Bid me anew press on for Heaven ;
O let Thy love my will control ;
Counsel, instruct, direct, console ;
Say—soon as dawn salutes the sight—
“ I am thy everlasting light ” ;
Thus every morning let me hear
Thy lovingkindness, soft and clear.

THE CONTRAST.

THE fairest flower that ever bloomed
Must droop and die : the brightest day
In evening gloom shall fade away ;
To death each new-born joy is doomed.
There is a flower which ne'er can fade ;
A priceless treasure none can steal ;
A balm which every wound can heal ;
A hope on sure foundations laid.

Wealth, faithless flatterer, soon takes wing ;
Or, where it lingers, cannot feed
The immortal spirit's mighty need ;
The golden sheath oft hides a sting.

There is a Friend—Life, Love, His name—
Who cannot faint, or fail, or die ;
But, strong to help, is always nigh ;
In grief and gladness still the same.

Mirth is a bubble soon to burst ;
Friends most beloved may prove unkind ;
Death will the closest ties unbind ;
Our best delights by sin are curst.
There is a home in Heaven above,
Where kindred souls ne'er part again,
But, free from death, sin, care and pain,
Dwell with this Friend in perfect love.

“WHEN I WAS A CHILD I THOUGHT
AS A CHILD.”

THE sports that childhood's hours beguiled
Could only satisfy the child—
The man they fail to please :
And he who heavenly comfort knows,
The toys of worldliness outgrows,
Their vanity he sees.

The stars which gaily deck the night,
Grow pale and vanish from the sight,
Quenched by the orb of day—

And earthly pomps no longer shine,
When Christ, the soul's true Sun Divine,
Our darkness drives away.

As wintry trees which cannot shed
Their withered foliage, dry and dead,
Until new buds appear—
So ne'er shall we cast off our sin,
But by new life at work within,
Faith, love, and filial fear.

The barren branch is barren still,
Though on each twig, with rarest skill
We tie on flowers and fruit :
And all in vain we toil and strive
By outward works to seem alive,
If lifeless at the root.

Giver of life ! my heart renew,
That I may render service true,
Fruit from a living soul—
Let love to Thee false love expel,
And folly find no room to dwell,
When Christ pervades the whole.

PRAYER FOR A BRIDE.



GOD, who heard thy parents' prayer,
Blessing thee with constant care,
When in baby-cradle laid,
Prattling child and blushing maid,
Bless thee now as wedded wife,
Bless thee with all joys of life,
Bless thee with the tenderest ties,
Woman's holiest sympathies,
Living childhood's life again,
Linking with a living chain
All the future, present, past—
Bless thee long as life shall last—
Blest with husband's, children's love,
 Blest by bonds death cannot sever ;
Blest at last in Heaven above,
 Blest with Christ, at home, for ever.



THE BEST LAST.



WHEN Jesus at the wedding feast
Displayed His power Divine,
And moved by human kindness, turned
The water into wine ;

The master of the banquet thus
His wondering joy exprest—
“Unlike all others Thou hast kept
Unto the last Thy best.”

Unlike the world and sin, they first
Their gaudiest gifts display ;
But soon the falsehood we detect,
The brightness fades away :
The meteor's flash is quenched in night,
Each hope is downward cast ;
But Thou, O Lord, dost ever keep
Thy best wine to the last.

The battle, brief and glorious, leads
To victory sure and long ;
Griefs do but stretch and tune the chords
For Heaven's eternal song :
Bright sunshine follows fertile showers,
Sweet toil wins sweeter rest,
Kind snow doth nourish fadeless flowers,
God's last are always best.

Better when seeming worst Thy wine,
Than the world's best can be :
The bitterest cup brings health and joy,
When mingled, Lord, by Thee :
If saved by grace from sin and guilt,
All care on Thee I cast ;
Pour out for me, Lord, as Thou wilt,
But keep the best till last.

VOICES FROM HEAVEN.



WEEP not for us !
Think not our course is run,
Our happy labour done ;
Think not that we in darkness lie—
We dwell with Christ above the sky—
Our life is just begun ;
Weep not for us !

Weep for yourselves !
The shadows of the tomb
Enwrap you in their gloom ;
Oppressed with care ye grope along,
Sighs often mingle with your song,
Sorrow is still your doom ;
Weep for yourselves !

Weep not for us !
We soar through realms of light ;
Our robes are stainless white ;
With noblest powers in holy league,
Free from corruption and fatigue,
We serve in Jesus' sight ;
Weep not for us !

Be comforted !
Weep, but no more complain ;
Joy ever springs from pain ;
The path of sorrow leads to life,
And victory soon will crown the strife,
Soon we shall meet again.
Be comforted !

TO BE WITH CHRIST.



To be with Christ ! O glorious hope,
What other joy with this may cope ?

 The brightest star
That gleams in this world's night is dim,
Earth's bliss is mean—to be with Him
 Is better far.

Better than riches, power and fame,
Better than wear the proudest name,
 Is Christ to see—
To feel the assurance of His love,
And thus to share the joys above,
 With Christ to be.

To be with Christ is better *now*,
Though gathering sorrows cloud the brow,
 Than worlds to own :
Better with Him to toil and fight,
To fast through longest, darkest night,
 Than feast alone.

O how much better still to be
With Christ—from sin and sorrow free—
 In Heaven our home :
To see His face, His glory share,
And from His blissful presence there,
 No more to roam !

HYMNS OF PRIVATE DEVOTION.

“SOMEWHAT AGAINST THEE.”

LORD! hast Thou somewhat against *me* ;
 Thou, who dost know my works and heart?
 In vain I shroud my thoughts from Thee,
 The Sun from whom all shades depart.

Somewhat against me? Jesus--Thou
 Who for my sins didst grieve and die?
 And who art interceding now,
 Preparing blissful seats on high?

Pardon and peace and life I owe,
 And all my joys and hopes to Thee :
 Thy love, a ceaseless fount, doth flow,
 And hast Thou somewhat against *me* ?

Christ is no censor, cold and stern,
 Eager our faults alone to spy ;
 He loves each virtue to discern,
 Faith's smallest gift secures His eye.

I need not with excusing breath
 Plead all His works of grace in me ;
 “I know Thy patience,” Jesus saith,
 “Yet have I somewhat against Thee.”

Help me, O Lord myself to know,
And mourn my fault with grief sincere :
Let tears that mean amendment flow,
Let fruits of penitence appear.
Show what Thou hast against me, Lord ;
Let me renounce whate'er it be
That merits Thy reproving word ;
O let me hate what grieveth Thee !

“LOVEST THOU ME?”

LORD, who knowest all things, knowest
All my love and bitter grief ;
Grief that I should ever grieve Thee—
This, of all my sorrow, chief.
Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee ;
O forgive my sinful shame :
Never more may I deny Thee,
Never blush to own Thy name.
Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee ;
Love Thee for Thy love to me ;
Love Thee for Thine own great glory ;
O for perfect love to Thee :
Love that every sin o'ercometh ;
Love that makes all labour light ;
Love that renders shame and sorrow,
Borne for Jesus, a delight.

“RETURN UNTO THY REST,
O MY SOUL.”

WEARY and sad, with guilt opprest,
Return my soul unto thy rest ;
And lay thy load on Christ alone,
Who for thee suffered to atone.

Wounded, and faint, and sick, and sore,
Seek help at Mercy's open door ;
Jesus alone can make thee whole,
Return unto thy rest, my soul !

Perplexed with doubts and reasonings vain,
In childhood's faith come back again ;
A lamb upon the Shepherd's breast,
Return, my soul, unto thy rest.

Weary with weeping, crushed with woes,
Thou hast a Friend who sees and knows,
And bids thee all thy sorrows roll
On Him, thy true rest, O my soul.

He who has felt the pains we feel,
Each wound will surely, swiftly heal ;
Whate'er His love ordains is best ;
Return, my soul, unto thy rest !

Speed on brief night ! dawn endless day !
Grief, conflict, sin—soon pass away !
Then, with thy Lord, in glory blest,
Return, my soul, unto thy rest !

“WE WHICH BELIEVE DO ENTER
INTO REST.”

REST ! I cry to Thee for rest,
Calm, O calm this troubled breast !
Bid the anxious conflict cease,
Mid the tempest whisper “peace ;”
Weary with the length of way,
Pining for the light of day,
Tempted, wounded, sin-distrest,
Lord ! I pray, I pant for rest.

Bid my fluttering heart be still :
Make me cease from vain self-will ;
Seeking Thee alone to please,
Loving all Thy love decrees,
Casting on Thee every care,
Sure that Thou my grief wilt share,
On Thy sympathising breast
Let me lean, and be at rest :

Till to me, O Lord, is given
Rest with Thee, at home, in heaven ;
Rest from sorrow, toil, and strife,
Rest from all the ills of life ;
Every holy want supplied,
Every yearning satisfied,
Give the rest of God above,
Perfect rest in perfect love.

"THAT I MAY WIN CHRIST."



WHEN my best actions, Lord, I see
In Thy most searching holy light,
What was my gain is loss to me,
And rendered hateful in my sight ;
My own false worth I cast aside,
The best is stained with self and sin ;
My only plea is—Christ has died ;
My only aim is—Christ to win.

Jesus ! my only hiding-place,
Jesus ! who didst for sin atone,
I hope in Thy redeeming grace,
I flee for help to Thee alone :
Cleanse me in Thy most precious blood,
And make my nature pure within ;
Thus am I reconciled to God
By faith, when Thee, O Christ, I win.

Yea, doubtless, all things else are loss
That keep my soul, O Lord, from Thee ;
Joy beyond words is in Thy cross ;
'Tis Heaven Thy smiling face to see :
O let me know and love Thee more,
Leaving the things that are behind,
And reaching forth to things before,
Till Christ the prize I fully find.

With Thee, in fellowship of woe,
Conformed to Thee, e'en unto death,
May I Thy resurrection know,
And live for Thee in every breath :
Thine image may I thus attain,
To Thine own glory enter in ;
For all God has to give, I gain,
And Heaven is mine, when Christ I win.

“OUR FRIEND LAZARUS
SLEEPETH.”

THE Lord of Life, who holds the keys of death,
At length has claimed the feeble sufferer's breath,
Drawn back the bolt, and opened wide the door,
To realms where pain and parting are no more.

The day of service did not close in night,
When heavenly glory burst upon the sight ;
Nor can the bliss without employment be,
When from all frailty every power is free.

Too soon, say we ? For us left here to grieve—
But not for those who endless joy receive ;
They could not win too soon the final race,
Nor meet too soon the King's inviting face.

O Thou who died that sinful men might live,
To us, the dead, Thy quickening Spirit give ;
Then, though the body in the grave shall lie,
They who believe in Thee shall never die.

Redeemed from sin, through Christ's atoning blood,
May we, upborne o'er Jordan's swelling flood,
Meet ne'er again to part, on Canaan's shore,
With sainted friends not lost, but gone before.

“THEY REST FROM THEIR
LABOURS.”

How blest are they who peaceful sleep ;
The long and sad life-struggle o'er ;
Who neither toil, nor fight, nor weep ;
Who fear, and faint, and fall no more.

From darkness, doubt, and care released ;
From sin and all temptation free ;
On fruits of Paradise they feast,
And Jesus in His glory see.

Why should I cling to life on earth,
With blighted hopes and yearnings vain,
Where mourning swiftly follows mirth,
And pleasures all are mixed with pain ?

O for the home of joy above !
Its sacred calm, its holy rest ;
Where souls are linked in perfect love,
And with their Lord are ever blest.

PRAYER IN SICKNESS.



I DO not wish to droop and die,
And in the dark, damp grave to lie ;
To break the cords that sweetly bind
To dear ones I must leave behind.

I pray that I may longer live ;
O Lord ! good health and vigour give,
And let me, if it be Thy will,
The work of many years fulfil.

But whether long or short my days,
Grant I may spend them to Thy praise,
In love to God and love to man,
Accomplishing Thy perfect plan.

O that Thy deathless life Divine
Around my life may intertwine ;
Then, though my body may decay,
My soul shall live with Thee away.

If but Thy will be done in me,
To live or die I leave with Thee,
Then life on earth is Heaven begun,
And death is instant glory won.

“THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW
OF DEATH.”

JESUS ! my Shepherd, strong to save,
Whose love Thyself for sinners gave,
In death's dark vale if Thou art near,
Weak though I be, no ill I fear.

Where not one straggling ray of light
Pierces the funeral pall of night ;
Where every moment of the gloom
Threatens some sadder, deadlier doom ;

E'en here the Shepherd's marks I feel,
And still Thyself Thou dost reveal ;
For Thou hast walked this very way,
And Thou art with me, Lord, to-day.

Thy voice of sympathy I hear,
My Brother, Thou art very near ;
Thy hand is gently laid on mine ;
My faith, responsive, claspeth Thine.

Thy wounds, Thy riven side I see ;
Thy rod, Thy staff, they comfort me ;
Thy human love, Thy cross, Thy crown,
Thy cruel shame, Thy great renown.

If Thou art near, my Shepherd, Guide,
No evil can my soul betide ;
The darkest valley leads to light,
Grief trains for glory ever bright :

And when I reach the stream called death,
I'll triumph in what Jesus saith—
"The Resurrection-Life am I,
He that believes shall never die."

DE PROFUNDIS.

OUT of the depths I cry to Thee, O Lord !
The hidden depths of darkness and of woe :
My only hope is in Thy faithful word ;
Thy sympathy the only balm I know.

There is a gulf for ordered speech too deep ;
A furnace far too fierce but for a cry ;
Sorrows in which 'twere luxury to weep,
A darkness whence is only heard a sigh.

Give ear to plaints that from such depths arise,
Nor leave me in the dark to grope alone ;
On my affliction look with pitying eyes,
And answer prayers condensed in sigh or groan.

“LET THIS CUP PASS FROM ME.”

FATHER, let this cup pass from me,
 Filled to the brim with gall ;
To taste alone is misery,
 How can I drink it all ?

I hold it with a trembling hand,
 Amazement chills my heart ;
O let this cup, at Thy command,
 This bitter cup depart !

Fiercer than torments flesh can know
 Are those the mind assail :
The bloody sweat revealed a woe
 Keener than scourge and nail.

If it be possible, O Lord,
 Let this cup pass from me ;
Hear Thine own agonising word
 From dark Gethsemane.

Yet, Father, not my will, but Thine,
 Thy will alone be done ;
And make Thy loving purpose mine,
 Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son.

“WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, O MY SOUL.”

WHY art thou cast down, my soul?
All thy cares on Jesus roll ;
He who bore thy sins for thee,
Will not from thy sorrows flee.

Why cast down? Hope thou in God !
Love's own hand uplifts the rod ;
Wisdom guides each painful blow,
All things work for good, we know.

Why art thou cast down, my soul?
Jesus Christ hath made thee whole.
Art thou tempted? He can save :
Fearing death? He spoiled the grave.

Why amid the darkness fear?
Thy protecting Lord is near.
Why should fiercest foes alarm?
He will shelter thee from harm.

Why cast down? To thee are given
Name and heritage in Heaven :
Angels guard thee—do not fear !
Thou unto their Lord art dear.

Why cast down with such a Friend?
He will love thee to the end,
Guide and guard thee all thy way,
Bring thee to unclouded day.

Soon, all doubt and sadness o'er,
Safe on Canaan's peaceful shore,
Joyful, grateful thou shalt raise,
For brief sorrow, endless praise.

“THE GOD OF ALL CONSOLATION.”



GOD of all consolation ! Hear—
Our Father, Saviour, Guide ! draw near,
And let me now Thy solace prove,
God of all Comfort, God of Love.

How deep the grief Thy children know !
What bitter tears in silence flow !
In sickness, want, bereavement, care,
God of all Comfort ! hear my prayer.

When racked by pain on sleepless bed,
When throbs the anxious, aching head,
When anguish probes the wounded heart,
Do not, great Comforter, depart.

In darkness, solitude and fear ;
When friends are far, and foes are near,
And rest seems only in the grave,
God of all Comfort, soothe and save !

When hope declines and doubts assail,
When courage, faith, and patience fail,
When sinks the soul in speechless woe,
Thy face, O God of Comfort, show !

Comfort of Brother, hearty, strong ;
Of Sister, gentle, spite of wrong ;
Of Father, pitying His child,
Though oft forgetful, wayward, wild ;

Comfort of bosom-Friend, so dear
That brother cleaveth not so near,
Sharing each thought, hope, joy and grief,
God of all Comfort! bring relief.

As one whose Mother comforteth,
Tender, enduring unto death,
Fount of compassion! ceaseless, free,
God of all Comfort! comfort me.

He who at Nain did stop the bier,
And changed to bliss the widow's tear,
Who sympathy with succour gave,
Will weep with us beside the grave.

Upon Thine unreluctant breast,
Thy favoured John did lean and rest;
Thus may I lean and rest on Thee!
O Lord of love, thus comfort me!

Thou who from prayer didst fondly turn
To friends, and for their solace yearn,
Response in tones and touch and tear—
Unslumbering Friend! watch with me here.

Thyself did then compassion need,
When grief through every pore did bleed!
Lone Mourner of Gethsemane,
Whom angels strengthened, strengthen me.

Thou who didst thus Thy followers bless—
“I will not leave you comfortless;”
O let Thy parting promise be
Fulfilled, great Comforter, to me.

Comfort by wisdom to direct ;
Comfort by strength to aid, protect ;
Comfort of sympathy to cheer,
God of all consolation ! hear.

Comfort by pardon of my sin ;
Comfort by holy peace within ;
By sense of sonship, hope of Heaven,
All comfort, God of Love, be given.

Thus, when at length is left below
A world so fraught with care and woe ;
When, from all sin for ever freed,
We neither grief nor comfort need—

To Thee ! O Father, Fount of Love,
To Thee ! O Friend of friends, above,
To Thee ! O Comforter, I'll raise,
God of all Comfort, endless praise.

“MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT
FOR THEE.”

How oft in fear and woe I've cried—
“Dear Lord, deliver me ;”
But still thus only He replied—
“My grace sufficeth thee.”

This thorn that rankles in my heart,
O Lord, with pity see,
And bid it speedily depart !
“ My grace sufficeth thee.”

How can I meet each boisterous wave
On life's wild stormy sea ?
O calm the tempest ! succour ! save !
“ My grace sufficeth thee.”

The night is dark, the way is long,
And friends and helpers flee !
The fight is fierce, the foe is strong !
“ My grace sufficeth thee.”

Enough, enough, what Jesus saith !
I'll boast infirmity !
In conflict, sorrow, darkness, death,
Thy grace sufficeth me.

“ A BROTHER IS BORN FOR ADVERSITY.”

WHEN crushed with care and sunk in woe,
To whom for comfort can I go,
But, dearest Lord, to Thee ?
In all my griefs Thou hast a part,
And in Thy large and loving heart,
There is a place for me.

The furnace fierce I will not fear
If Thy consoling voice I hear ;
 The flame will not consume ;
The darkest night will turn to day,
Its fearful phantoms fade away,
 If Thou the gulf illumine.

Increase my faith, and give me grace
Thy love to trust, when least I trace
 Thy loving, faultless plan ;
Make me by grief for glory meet—
Howe'er Thou wilt—in me complete
 The work Thy love began.

Amid the toil, the daily strife,
The bitter, speechless pains of life,
 Hold Thou my drooping head ;
Be Thou my constant, tender Friend,
Support, preserve me to the end,
 Stand near my dying bed.

Come quickly, Lord ! and let me rest
From sin and sorrow, ever blest
 At home, in Heaven, with Thee :
Then will I praise Thee as I ought
For these brief woes, o'er-ruled, that wrought
 Such blest Eternity.

THY WAY, O LORD—NOT MINE.



THY way, O Lord ! Thy way—not mine !
Although opprest,
For smoother, sunnier paths I pine,
Thy way is best.

Though crossing thirsty deserts drear,
Or mountain's crest ;
Although I faint with toil and fear,
Thy way is best.

Though not one open door befriend
The passing guest ;
Though night its darkest terror lend,
Thy way is best.

So seeming wild without a plan,
Now east, now west,
Joys born and slain, hopes blighted, can
Thy way be best ?

My soul by grief seems not to be
More pure and blest ;
Alas ! I cannot, cannot see
Thy way is best.

I cannot see—on every hand
By anguish prest,
In vain I try to *understand*
Thy way is best.

But I *believe*—Thy life and death,
Thy love attest,
And every promise clearly saith—
“Thy way is best.”

I cannot see—but I believe ;
If heavenly rest
Is reached by ways where most I grieve,
Thy way is best.

“IS IT WELL WITH THEE?”

SAY, Mourner ! is it well with thee,
Thy store, thy self, thy family ?
With garb of grief and tracks of tears,
With face where faith contends with fears,
Bending beneath thy burden—tell,
Toiling and tried one, Is it well ?

The night is dark, and not a star
Sparkles faint comfort from afar ;
I cannot trace the path I tread—
I see not whither I am led—
How it may be, I cannot tell,
But *this* I know, that *All is well !*

The flames are kindling ; seven times more
The furnace rages than before ;
But midst the flames my Lord I see ;
He keeps them back from scorching me ;
How fire consumes not, who can tell ?
But this I know—that *All is well !*

Down in the lion's hungry den,
Beyond all help or hope from men,
Unharm'd I wait the dawn of day,
All night the angels with me stay :
How wrath is harmless, who can tell ?
But this I know—that *All is well !*

Of gladness griefs are but the seeds ;
Trials are sent to root out weeds ;
As showers that fertilize are tears ;
Prompters to prayer are painful fears ;
E'en 'mid love's ruin blessings dwell ;
A bleeding heart says—*All is well !*

All things are ordered from above,
My Father is unchanging Love,
I have a Friend who weeps with me,
He whispers of a home to be,
And trusting in His word, I'll tell,
'Mid storm and darkness—*All is well !*

“ALL IS WELL.”

O THOU in whom by faith I dwell,
Say to my soul that all is well !
Redeemed from death, from sin set free,
All's well—if well 'twixt me and Thee.

'Tis well if Spring with blossoms fair
Bids earth for harvests rich prepare ;
'Tis well, when Autumn's fruits abound,
Though withering leaves bestrew the ground.

'Tis well when Summer's balmy hours
Glide smoothly by, enwreathed with flowers ;
'Tis well if Wintery blasts prevail,
With blinding mist and rattling hail.

'Tis well in darkest gloom of night,
'Tis well in morn's resplendent light,
When tempest tolls the 'larum bell,
Or zephyrs whisper—“All is well.”

Help me O Lord, to work and pray ;
In doubt direct the wisest way ;
Calmly to Thee I leave the rest ;
My Father worketh for the best.

Thy wisdom, love, and strength endure
To seal the promise ever sure ;
For good together all things blend,
'Tis well and shall be to the end.

'Tis well while I in Christ abide,
Secure within His wounded side ;
His cross, His crown, His triumph tell,
Whate'er betide, that “All is well !”

RESIGNATION.



GIVER of all ! may I receive
Each boon with grateful heart,
And when Thou takest, still believe
I keep the better part.

The dearest treasure I resign
Whene'er the word is given
Because thus Thine—becomes more mine,
Less earth but more of heaven.

To suffer or to do Thy will,
Hard though the task may be ;
By emptying self, the more doth fill
My soul, O Lord, with Thee.

I lose the fading forms of sight,
The real abides alway ;
I leave the shadowy things of night
For glories of the day.

If life that owns celestial birth
In strength shall sooner grow,
By loss of loveliest gifts of earth,
Such loss doth more bestow.

God draws the much-prized veil aside
His image true to show ;
Why mourn the screen if He abide,
And joy with vision grow ?

The charms of earth may heaven conceal,
God 'bides though these remove,
The hillock sinking may reveal
The mountain range of love.

"I WILL BLESS THE LORD AT
ALL TIMES."

To God the ever gracious
Be praises evermore,
For benefits unceasing
Forth from His boundless store.

For times of grief as gladness,
With gratitude I sing,
Wild Winter as fair Springtide,
Their varied bounties bring.

I bless Thee for the tempest
Which leaves a purer calm,
I bless Thee for the wounding
That brings the healing balm.

For darkest vale I bless Thee,
That led to mountain height ;
For deepest night I bless Thee,
Enhancing morning's light.

When much perplexed, there met me
In sorrow at the grave,
Angels in shining raiment,
Who heavenly comfort gave.

I would not be without them,
The griefs that brought the joy ;
Thy praise my noblest powers
Shall evermore employ.

"I KNOW HIM."



I KNOW whom I have trusted,
My Lord, Redeemer, Friend ;
I know that He is able
To keep me to the end.

I know Him strong and faithful,
My Guide all through the way ;
I know him true and tender
In sorrow's darkest day.

Companion in the desert,
Preserver in the deep,
Defender in the conflict,
Consoler when I weep.

By silent soul communion,
By music of His voice,
By His indwelling Spirit,
I know Him and rejoice.

I know Him—I have proved Him—
My ever present Friend ;
The love that never failed me
Will keep me to the end.

I know whom I have trusted,
My hope in Him is sure ;
Unchanging, Mighty Saviour,
His love will aye endure.

ALWAYS REJOICING.



O HAPPY, happy they, Who in the Lord believe,
And leaning on His love, Salvation full receive ;
They testify His grace, His boundless gifts record,
And each to other saith—"For ever bless the Lord."

For me He sent His Son To suffer and to die,
And now to intercede Before the throne on high.
He brought His wanderer home, Declared my sins
 forgiven,
Embraced me as His child, And made me heir of
 Heaven.

His Spirit He bestows, Within my heart to dwell,
To quicken, cleanse, console, Of His own love to tell.
With me extol His name, He drives my doubts away,
From bondage sets me free, And turns my night to day.

My will now blends with His, My duty is my joy,
My highest bliss I find In His endeared employ.
The work He hath begun He surely will complete,
And make the child He loves By grace for glory meet.

My father cares for me, And all my trouble knows,
Consoles in every grief, And all I need bestows :
I know that all things work For good by His command,
That I am always safe Within His guardian hand.

I know whom I believe—My Saviour, Brother, Friend,
He will securely keep, And love me to the end.
I do not fear to die, He vanquished death for me,
He made the grave the gate Of Immortality.

Erelong I hope to meet With all His saints above,
And see His radiant face, and know His perfect love.
We prize this joyful hope—That He may soon appear,
Assert His right Divine, And reign and triumph here.

But if in His wise Will, His advent shall delay,
I soon shall go to Him, The call may come to-day.
Help me, O Lord, to wait, And suffer, work, and pray,
Loving Thy present Will, Rejoicing every day.

For faith, and hope, and love, All praise to God be
given,
For joys like those above, For foretastes sweet of
Heaven.
With Saints and angels praise Our Saviour Lord again!
Loud Hallelujah raise, For evermore, Amen.

Wengern Alp, August 30, 1885.

HYMNS FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PSALM C.

BE joyful all ye lands, and bring
Your willing tribute to our King,
Serve Him with gladness—swell the song—
Glory and power to Him belong.

Know ye that Jesus is the Lord,
Creation hangs upon His word,
Saviour and Mighty God His name,
Jehovah, Jesus, still the same.

Not we ourselves—He made us first,
And then renewed what sin had curst,
Thus doubly Thine, around Thy throne,
Joyful we shout—“Thine, not our own.”

We are Thy people—Thou our King—
Sheep of thy pasture, Thee we sing—
Over each thought Thy sceptre sway,
Guide all our footsteps lest we stray.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Up to the Heavens your voices raise,
Be thankful and adore His name,
His love is evermore the same.

For God is good, forgiving, pure,
His truth for ever shall endure,
In Him confide, in Him rejoice,
Praise Him with mind and heart and voice.

“ALL THY WORKS SHALL PRAISE
THEE.”

PRAISE God ! Creator, Saviour, Lord,
Upholding all things by His word ;
Now let our hearts unite to raise,
With all His works, a song of praise.

Praise God ! who spread the azure sky,
And reared the swelling hills on high ;
Who taught the rivers where to flow,
And the great sea his bounds to know.

Praise God ! whose pencil paints each flower,
Whose breath perfumes each fragrant bower,
Who decks the lily and the rose,
And nurtures every plant that grows.

Praise God ! whose varied voice is heard
In murmuring rill, and song of bird ;
In ocean's roar, and summer breeze,
And soothing music of the trees.

Praise God ! whose gifts the fields adorn,
Who clothes the vales with golden corn,
Who feeds the flocks on flowery hills,
And all His works with bounty fills.

Praise God ! for health, and friends, and home ;
For joy and safety when we roam ;
For eyes to see, and hearts to feel
The love our Father's works reveal.

Praise God ! who makes this world so dear,
That oft we fain would linger here :
Praise God ! who hath salvation given,
And happier homes, through Christ, in Heaven.

PSALM XXXIV.

I'LL bless the Lord at all times,
His praises I'll proclaim ;
In summer calm and tempest,
His love is still the same :
In Him I'll boast and glory ;
Let all His saints rejoice ;
Him magnify together,
With loud and cheerful voice.

I sought the Lord—He heard me,
And saved me from my fears :
This poor man cried—He listened,
And wiped away his tears.

God's angel strong encampeth
Round those who fear His name ;
From every foe defendeth,
And shields from hurt and shame.

O taste and see how gracious
The Lord is to His own ;
How safe are they who shelter
Beneath His glorious throne.
From manifold afflictions
His chosen flock He brings,
And e'en the desert dreary
With Hallelujah rings !

To all of broken spirit
A pitying Father's nigh ;
He saveth all the contrite,
He hears the mourner's cry :
His servants He redeemeth,
And will for ever save
From sin and condemnation,
From Satan and the grave.

Not one of all who trust Him
Shall find His promise vain ;
The feeblest of His servants
Shall reap eternal gain.
Then bless the Lord at all times,
Nor let His praises cease ;
Praise Him 'mid din of battle !
Praise Him in time of peace !

I'll bless the Lord at all times,
In darkness as in day !
I'll sing glad Hallelujahs,
All through my pilgrim way :
Until I cross the river
I'll sing my Saviour's praise ;
And then in Heaven for ever,
An endless song I'll raise.

THE GOD OF ABRAHAM, OF ISAAC, AND OF JACOB.

JEHOVAH, who to saints of old
Did oft His wondrous power unfold,
And help in utmost peril gave,
Is still as near and strong to save.
The ark amidst the furious flood
Securely rode, preserved by God ;
And, 'mid the wildest waves of care,
I cannot sink, if Thou be there.
Though, as a stranger, I may roam,
With Jacob's God I'm still at home ;
And, from each stony bed, doth rise
A radiant ladder to the skies.
In Egypt's bondage Thou art near,
The sighs of Israel Thou dost hear ;
And while Thy plagues reach every foe,
Angels each blood-stained lintel know.

Thou, by a word, canst open wide
A pathway through the threatening tide ;
And bid the billows of the deep
O'er Pharaoh's chosen chariots sweep.

The barren rock shall yield supplies,
Pure fountains from its clefts shall rise,
Thy people shall be daily fed
In deserts wild, with heavenly bread.

When cast into the lion's den,
Or made the sport of fiercer men,
The lion's mouth Thy hand will close,
And guard me safe from all my foes.

When Satan's army gathers near,
When fails my fainting heart with fear,
Open Thy servant's eyes to see
The hosts of God, how strong they be !

He who till now has been our Friend
Will guide us safely to the end,
And land us on that peaceful shore
Where fears and foes afflict no more.

To God then let us joyful raise—
Our fathers' God—a song of praise ;
And to our children tell His fame
Whose love is changelessly the same.

“SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS.”

SERVE the Lord with gladness !

Joyful tribute bring ;

Banish fear and sadness,

Grateful praises sing.

Serve the Lord with gladness !

Cheerful anthems raise ;

All His wide dominion,

Swell the psalm of praise !

CHORUS.—Serve the Lord with gladness !

Joyful tribute bring ;

Banish fear and sadness,

Grateful praises sing.

Serve the Lord with gladness !

Banish servile fear ;

Trust your tender Father,

We to Him are dear.

All our sins He pardons,

All our frailty knows ;

Helps in all our conflicts,

Soothes in all our woes.

Serve the Lord with gladness, etc.

Serve the Lord with gladness !

Serve, and thus be free ;

Unreserved surrender,

Noblest liberty !

All His laws are blessings,

Each command a boon ;

Sorrows work our welfare,

Bringing glory soon.

Serve the Lord with gladness, etc.

Serve the Lord with gladness !
Leave the world behind ;
Sin and self renouncing,
Serve with heart and mind :
Serving Him is Heaven ;
Life is in His love ;
Endless joys are given,
Deathless homes above.
Serve the Lord with gladness, etc.

“I WILL BLESS THE LORD AT
ALL TIMES.”

At all times bless the Lord,
Nor cease to praise His name
At all times trust His word,
His love is still the same !

Praise Him in darkest night,
Praise Him when foes appear ;
He is Thy soul's true light,
Fear not while He is near.

Praise Him when storms arise,
And threatening thunders roar,
He comes with sweet surprise,
Walking the billows o'er.

Praise Him when joys abound,
Nor less when tears o'erflow,
On what seems desert ground,
As where choice fruits do grow.

Praise Him 'mid threatening foes
And darts that never cease ;
His shield before thee goes,
He is Himself thy Peace.

Thy wounds bring healing balm,
The dawn is near the dark,
More quickly into calm
The tempest drives the bark.

Sickness with Him is health,
True pleasures flow from pain,
Then poverty is wealth,
Thy seeming loss is gain.

Then always bless the Lord,
For He is ever kind ;
At all times trust His word,
Praise Him with heart and mind.

The Lord Jesus Christ.

INCARNATION AND NATIVITY.

To God on high be glory !
Peace and good-will to men !
Proclaim to all the story,
Sound forth the song again—
Glory to God and Peace on earth !
Rejoice ! give thanks with holy mirth.

Creation's Lord ! adore Him
In human likeness made ;
Men ! Angels ! bow before Him,
In the rude manger laid :
Glory to God and Peace on earth !
Rejoice ! extol the wondrous birth.

How low our God is bending
To take our misery !
How high is man ascending
By this great mystery !
Glory ! in Bethlehem's holy child
Sinners and God are reconciled.

Heaven's Lord, our nature wearing,
Man's Brother has become,
That we, His glory sharing,
May dwell in Heaven, at home :
Glory to God and Peace on earth !
Eternal praise for Jesu's birth !

To God on high be glory !
 His love be magnified ;
 Spread through the world the story ;
 Be Jesus glorified !
 In praise of Christ, our new-born King,
 Earth ! Heaven ! with Hallelujahs ring.

(See also page 19, " Bethlehem.")

"THERE IS BORN A SAVIOUR,
 CHRIST THE LORD."

BORN of woman ! Lord of Glory !
 Born to die, from sin to save ;
 God Incarnate ! wondrous story !
 Conquering Satan and the grave.

Jesus ! sole Propitiation !
 Pleading ever on the throne :
 Source and Giver of Salvation !
 Thee we trust in, Thee alone.

Conquering Death, to Heaven ascending,
 Thee our ransomed souls adore ;
 Thine is mercy never ending,
 Thine be glory evermore !

“THE BRIGHTNESS OF HIS GLORY.”



O JESUS! we adore Thee,
 Of all things Lord and Heir,
 The ages bow before Thee,
 All space proclaims Thy care.
 The worlds sprang into being,
 And by Thy will exist ;
 Almighty and All-seeing,
 In Thee all things consist.

The stedfast laws of Nature
 Are Thine unchanging word ;
 First-born of every creature,
 Vicegerent of the Lord :
 His glory's lasting brightness,
 Effulgence of His grace,
 His very Being's impress,
 Image and beaming face.

Yet Thou, for our salvation,
 Didst human nature take ;
 And dying, work redemption,
 Slain for the sinner's sake.
 Now we adore Thee, seated
 At God's right hand above ;
 We laud Thy work completed,
 Enthroned, triumphant Love !

“SHOW US THE FATHER.”

THE son of Man reflects the light
That streams across the Infinite ;
The utterance of His human love
Reveals the heart of God above.

He called the children to His breast,
He breathed His blessing and caressed ;
Pitied the hungry crowd and fed,
Not only taught, but gave them bread.

He walked upon the stormy wave
His struggling, trembling friends to save ;
And still when tempests cleave the sky,
He says, “ Be not afraid, ’tis I.”

He stretched His arms of mercy wide,
He called the mourners to His side,
“ Ye weary, come and be at rest,
Come, chief of sinners, and be blessed.”

He who from death’s stern grasp could save,
Wept with the weeping at the grave ;
And even tears of pity shed
For hardened foes by whom He bled.

The woman, scorned by scribe and priest,
He from her guilt and fear released ;
And ’mid His own amazing grief
Spake pardon to the dying thief.

O matchless truth ! blest mystery !
 The Invisible, in Christ I see ;
 In all my Saviour's works below,
 My God ! My Father ! Thee I know.

O praise the unseen God above,
 Who shows His heart in Jesus' love !
 O praise the Spirit, by whose light
 This love illumines our sinful night !

SOVEREIGNTY OF JESUS.

JESUS ! how boundless is Thy sway,
 How universal Thy domain !
 Unnumbered worlds Thy word obey,
 Nor dare dispute Thy right to reign.

Legions of angels Thee attend,
 Thine every purpose to fulfil,
 Veiling their faces as they bend
 To listen to Thy sovereign will.

Shall I then dare, a thing of clay,
 Thy power and greatness to defy ?
 Shall I presume to disobey
 This God of glorious majesty ?

Jesus ! subdue my sinful soul,
 With links of mercy chain my heart,
 My evil passions all control,
 Nor let me from Thy love depart !

My chief desire on earth be this—
To bear, to clasp, Thy burden light ;
My highest hope, supremest bliss,
To serve for ever in Thy sight.

1828.

SON OF DAVID—SON OF MARY—
SON OF GOD.

SON of David ! Jesu, Saviour !
Unto us Thy mercy show ;
Heavy laden, Lord, we labour,
Pity us and rest bestow ;
Fount of healing !
Let Thy streams within us flow.

Son of Mary ! tender Brother !
Thou hast shared our human woes ;
Comfort, soothe us like a mother,
Loving—shield us from our foes ;
Man of sorrows !
He has felt, and therefore knows.

Son of God ! Great King of Glory !
Lord Eternal ! Mighty Friend !
Lowly, joyful, we adore Thee,
Might and mercy in Thee blend ;
We will praise Thee !
Hallelujah ! without end.

THE CHIEF CORNER STONE.

CHRIST is the sure Foundation,
 The precious Corner Stone ;
 The Church, for her salvation,
 Is built on Him alone.

CHORUS :—Praise to the One Foundation,
 The precious Corner Stone ;
 We build, for our salvation,
 On Christ, and Christ alone.

Divine, He took our nature,
 And God to men revealed ;
 He died for our transgressions,
 By His stripes we are healed.
 Praise to the One Foundation, etc.

For us He conquered Satan,
 And triumphed o'er the grave ;
 For us He reigns in glory,
 Omnipotent to save.
 Praise to the One Foundation, etc.

He is our sole Confessor,
 He saves us without price ;
 Our only Intercessor,
 Our Priest and Sacrifice.
 Praise to the One Foundation, etc.

He is our only Altar,
 By faith on Him we feed ;
 His perfected oblation,
 His finished work we plead.
 Praise to the One Foundation, etc.

All who to Him are coming,
 As living stones are built
 Christ's Church, the Spirit's Household,
 Redeemed from grief and guilt.
 Praise to the One Foundation, etc.
 God's holy habitation
 Are all of every name
 Who build on this Foundation,
 Unchangeably the same.
 Praise to the One Foundation,
 The precious Corner Stone ;
 We build, for our salvation,
 On Christ, and Christ alone.

LITANY OF THE WORKER OF MIRACLES.

JESU ! who the sick didst heal,
 And for mourners pity feel ;
 Hear and heed our sad appeal :
 Jesu, Saviour, hear us !
 Thou didst cure the halt and lame,
 Thou didst succour all who came,
 Thou didst never suppliant blame :
 Friend of Sinners, help us !
 Thou didst make the deaf to hear
 Words of mercy, soft and clear ;
 Open, Lord, our sin-closed ear :
 Mighty Healer, save us !

Sight Thou gavest to the blind,
 All who sought did mercy find ;
 Drive the darkness from our mind :
 Son of David, help us !

Thou didst cure and Thou didst bless
 Her who touched Thee in the press ;
 Lord, we need Thy grace no less :
 Good Physician, heal us !

Thou who didst the hungry feed,
 Still dost pity all who need ;
 We are hungry, Lord, indeed :
 Bread of Life, sustain us !

Thou who didst the demons quell,
 Stronger than the powers of hell ;
 Let not Satan in us dwell :
 Lord of spirits, save us !

Lepers, hideous and unclean,
 Touched by Thee were spotless seen ;
 Lepers viler we have been :
 Holy Saviour, cleanse us !

Child of Jairus Thou didst wake ;
 Nain's lone mother happy make ;
 Bethany's dark tomb didst shake :
 Prince of Life, upraise us !

Raise us from our death of sin,
 Ever live our hearts within,
 Life Eternal let us win :
 Jesu, Saviour, hear us !

"MORE GLORY THAN MOSES."



SING aloud the Gospel's glory,
Brighter than illumed the Law,
Let us celebrate its wonders,
Greater far than Israel saw.

Theirs the symbol, ours the substance ;
Theirs the dawning, ours the day ;
Moses, Aaron, have departed,
Jesus is our Priest alway.

Theirs the Law on stony tablets,
Ours is graven on the heart ;
Theirs the letter, ours the spirit,
In us, never to depart.

Theirs the word of condemnation,
Ours the word of life and love ;
On them Sinai flashed its terrors,
Ours is light from Heaven above.

Glory on the face of Moses,
And of Moses only, shone,
But the Gospel's greater glory
Shines on Christians, every one.

Thickly veiled the Prophet's features,
Veiled the hearts of all the rest,
But we see the unveiled glory,
God in Christ made manifest.

Soon the light from Moses faded,
But our glory ever grows :
Brighter still and ever brighter
Than the eye of mortal knows

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.



FRIEND of sinners, Lord of glory !
 Lowly, Mighty !—Brother, King !
 Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
 Grateful we Thy praises sing :
 Friend to help us, comfort, save us,
 In Whom power and pity blend—
 Praise we must the grace which gave us
 Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend.

Friend who never fails nor grieves us ;
 Faithful, tender, constant, kind !—
 Friend who at all times receives us,
 Friend who came the lost to find :
 Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
 Loving until life shall end,
 Then conferring bliss entrancing,
 Still, in Heaven, the sinner's Friend.

O to love and serve Thee better !
 From all evil set us free ;
 Break, Lord, every sinful fetter ;
 Be each thought conformed to Thee :
 Looking for Thy bright appearing
 May our spirits upward tend,
 Till, no longer doubting, fearing,
 We behold the sinner's Friend.

THE FRIEND OF FRIENDS.

JESUS is the Friend of friends,
His the love that never ends ;
Still unwearied, boundless, free,
Love that reaches even me.

Jesus is the Friend of friends,
Perfect love that never ends.

He to save us, joined the strife,
Shared our sorrows, gave His life ;
See ! upon the cross He bleeds,
See ! enthroned, He intercedes.

Jesus is the Friend of friends,
Perfect love that never ends.

Sing aloud the matchless Name !
Jesus ! still in Heaven the same ;
Full of tender thought and care,
Listening to the mourner's prayer.

Jesus is the Friend of friends,
Perfect love that never ends.

(See also pages 18, 20, 83, 91.)

THE PASSION—GETHSEMANE.

GETHSEMANE ! most holy place,
With unshod feet I turn to thee,
With weeping eyes and reverent face,
Human, Divine Gethsemane !

O Man of Sorrows, why that groan,
 That bloody sweat of agony ;
 Prostrate, convulsed, o'erwhelmed, alone,
 In death-shades of Gethsemane ?

Divine Perfection sank aghast,
 Fronted by man's depravity ;
 Its basest token, blackest, last,
 The murder near Gethsemane.

Divine Compassion grieved for men,
 The death by sin, the misery ;
 He bore our guilt and sorrow then,
 In awful, dark Gethsemane.

Goodness supreme, assailed by guilt ;
 Heart-broken Love, by enmity ;
 More than Thy blood by sinners spilt
 Combined in Thy Gethsemane.

O Sacrifice for sinners' sin !
 Priest perfected for sympathy !
 Who didst by grief redemption win,
 Save us by Thy Gethsemane.

O Thou whose agony of love
 The deadly burden bore for me,
 Look down with pity from above,
 And save by Thy Gethsemane.

THE CROSS—ITS GLORY.



REDEEMED from death, with joy we'll sing
The triumphs of our suffering King ;
His piercèd hands—His bleeding side—
The wondrous cross on which He died.

Those wounds are fountains, whence do flow
Rivers of balm for human woe ;
That blood can make the vilest pure,
That blood alone can cleanse and cure.

Those hands, extended on the tree,
Hold out a pardon, full and free ;
And, stained with sacrificial blood,
Obtain and publish peace with God.

The crown of thorns proclaims a King
Victorious by suffering ;
Henceforth shall grief to Christians be
Arrayed with regal dignity.

That dying groan, that last loud cry,
Are the glad shout of Victory ;
The bruised heel grinds Satan's head,
And life is won by Jesus dead.

A conqueror's chariot that cross,
Our greatest gain since Eden's loss,
Where Christ, victorious o'er His foes
Sin, Satan, Death, in triumph shows.

Then let us, glad and grateful, sing
All glorious here our suffering King ;
Count all things else as empty dross,
And glory only in the Cross.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.



GOD forbid that I should glory,
 Save in Jesus and His cross ;
 Blest for ever be the story—
 All things else I count but loss.

God in Christ is reconciling
 Guilty rebels to the throne ;
 Righteousness on Mercy smiling
 Saves by faith in Him alone.

Here I read "No condemnation,"
 Sentence cancelled, pardon free ;
 Here rejoice in full salvation—
 Jesus gave Himself for me.

Trespases are all forgiven
 In the Name of Him who died ;
 Chains of wickedness are riven,
 Severed by the Crucified.

Blood outpouring signs Salvation,
 Hands outstretched invite from far,
 Thorns are Victory's coronation,
 Cross becomes the Conqueror's car.

Debt and doom annulled for ever,
 Nailed by Jesus to the tree—
 Cross of life and peace shall never
 Cease to be extolled by me.

PART II.

GOD forbid that I should glory,
Save in Jesus and His cross ;
Blest for ever be the story—
All things else I count but loss.

Here I find best cure of sadness,
Strength to labour or to wait ;
'Midst affliction, peace and gladness,
Thankful in whate'er estate.

Wounded, find I balm for healing ;
Fainting, courage for the fight ;
Jesus, heart of God revealing,
Changes weakness into might.

Here I know my guilt forgiven,
Learn to hate and conquer sin ;
Foretaste of the joys of Heaven,
Christ enthroned my heart within.

Cross of Christ unseals life's fountain,
Drives the darkness, brings the day ;
Spans the chasm, moves the mountain
Which would else obstruct the way.

Loudly then rehearse the story,
Song of angels, Life of men !
In the Cross of Christ we glory,
Hallelujah ! Lord ! Amen.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

KING of kings, and Lord of lords !
 What delight the sound affords ;
 Jesus shall for ever reign,
 Final victory He shall gain.

Lord of lords, and King of kings !
 Earth with loud hosanna rings ;
 None shall of His rule complain
 When the Saviour comes to reign.

King of kings, and Lord of lords !
 Broken are oppression's cords ;
 Hell is conquered ! swell the strain !
 Jesus doth for ever reign.

Lord of lords, and King of kings !
 Order, riches, rest, He brings ;
 Warfare, hatred, fear shall cease,
 Vanquished by the Prince of Peace.

King of kings, and Lord of lords !
 Earth and Heaven repeat the words ;
 Truth and Love He will restore,
 He shall reign for evermore.

Lord of lords, and King of kings !
 Loud and long the anthem rings ;
 Hallelujah ! Shout again !
 Jesus shall for ever reign.

CORONATION.



To Thee, O Christ, we sing,
And laud and bless Thy Name ;
We crown Thee—Jesus, Saviour, King ;
We glory in Thy fame :
For Thou art Lord of all,
The worlds by Thee were made,
Adoring Thee, Heaven's angels fall,
In robes of white arrayed.

Crown, crown Him ! Son of God ;
Crown, crown Him ! Son of Man ;
We'll blaze His boundless love abroad,
Redemption's wondrous plan :
Our hearts, our lives we bring,
And joyful tribute pay ;
With many crowns we'll crown our King,
Through Heaven's eternal day.

Crown Him ! our Prophet true ;
Crown Him ! our Kingly Priest ;
Crown Him ! our Champion-Monarch, who
From sin our souls released.
That anguish-furrowed brow,
Which thorns of mockery tore,
Is crowned with deathless triumph now,
And joys for evermore.

The Church He ransomed sings
 His vict'ry o'er the grave :
 O crown Him ! crown Him ! King of kings,
 Who lives and reigns to save.
 Crown Him ! Creator, Friend ;
 Sound His dear Name again !
 Crown Him ! through ages without end,
 Emmanuel ! God with men.

“WITH ANGELS & ARCHANGELS.”

THE Apostles' glorious band,
 The Martyrs' noble throng,
 With them we humbly stand
 And sing the same glad song.

 With all the saints of old,
 With all in earth and Heaven,
 A multitude untold,
 Our praise to Christ is given.

 With anthems' pealing chime,
 With simplest rustic hymn,
 From domes that soar sublime,
 From caverns deep and dim :

 Whate'er the form or name,
 Our kindred worship blends,
 The Lord we love—the same :
 To Him one song ascends.

Redeemer, Monarch, Friend,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
One Saviour to the end,
Through Heaven's eternal day.

“WE GLORIFY THEE FOR THY
GREAT GLORY.”

RANSOMED sinners, we extol Thee,
Seated on Thy regal throne ;
King for ever, holy, mighty,
Jesus, Thou art Lord alone.

Thou hast finished our Salvation,
Conquered death upon the tree,
Made the grave the gate of glory :
Praise, all praise, O Lord, to Thee !

To the throne Thou hast ascended,
There to reign for evermore,
Always for us interceding,
Opening wide the entrance door.

For Thy great and endless glory
Thee with joy we glorify,
With the angels and archangels,
With the countless hosts on high.

HE HATH TRIUMPHED GLORIOUSLY.

O SING ye people to the Lord,
 And timbrels strike right joyfully :
 He came, He saw, He spake the word,
 And He hath triumphed gloriously.

The rider and his horse are cast
 Down to dark caverns of the sea,
 While Israel's chosen ranks have passed
 Safe to the borders of the free.

O bless the Lord, exalt His Name,
 Who leads still more triumphantly,
 He hath than Moses greater fame,
 He saves us everlastingly.

From Satan's thrall, sin's dark domain,
 From worse than Egypt's slavery,
 To Canaan's land He guides again,
 Inspiring quenchless bravery.

With living streams and heavenly bread
 Supplied by Christ unfailingly,
 And by the cloud of glory led,
 We onward march to victory.

Then praise the Lord with grateful strains,
 Your timbrels strike right joyfully :
 To save He died, He rose, He reigns,
 And He hath triumphed gloriously.

SECOND ADVENT.

HE who came the World's Creator,
Advent hailed by stars' glad song,
Came as King to rock-rent Sinai,
Angels pealing loud and long :

Came again as man's Redeemer,
Infant lowly, born to die ;
Soon will come again in triumph,
Son of God, enthroned on high.

Dawn upon us, blessed Advent,
Earth long yearning needs her King :
Church of Christ cries, " O come quickly,
Perfect Love, O Jesus, bring ! "

HE IS COMING.

HE is coming—hail His Advent—
Watch, rejoice—the King draws near !
Near—His Empire to establish,
Soon in glory to appear.

Near—to triumph o'er oppression,
Drive the darkness, lead the light,
Constitute new Earth and Heaven,
Vindicate and crown the Right.

Praise to Jesus, Hallelujah !

Haste Thee on Thy victor way ;
Lord, we long for Thine appearing—
Thousand years are as one day.

He is coming—coming nearer—
Now is with us—at the door !
Speaking to us by the Spirit,
Asks to save us evermore.

“ Open to Me—open quickly—
Thou shalt henceforth feast with Me—
Pardon, peace, joy's full fruition,
I have come to offer thee.”

Lord, I hail this present Advent,
Welcome to my waiting soul !
I receive Thee, bless, adore Thee,
Body, spirit—take the whole.

LORD, QUICKLY COME.

COME, Lord, to earth again ;
Come quickly, come and reign :
Lord Jesu, come !
Enthroned the struggling right,
Make clear the clouded light,
In victory close the fight :
Lord, quickly come !

The love of some grows cold ;
Thy foes are waxing bold :

Lord Jesu, come !

They mock our hope delayed,
Our little progress made,
Thy precepts disobeyed :

Lord, quickly come !

Bid war and faction cease,
Bring in the reign of peace :

Lord Jesu, come !

Set every captive free ;
Let all men brothers be ;
Heal earth's long malady :

Lord, quickly come ;

Assert Thy right divine ;
O'er all the nations shine :

Lord Jesu, come !

Then earth like Heaven shall sing,
With hallelujahs ring,
And hail her rightful King :

Lord, quickly come !

(See also page 51.)

The Holy Spirit.

PENTECOSTAL FIRE.

COME Holy, Holy, Holy Ghost !
As on the day of Pentecost ;
O come, baptise us from above
With living fire of light and love.

Quicken from death to life Divine,
Bid light from dreary darkness shine,
Enable us by faith to see
Jehovah—Father, Son, and Thee.

Come fire of holiness and melt
The hearts that ne'er repentance felt,
Reveal Salvation's wondrous Cross,
And purify the soul from dross.

Inflame my heart with love of God,
His peace within me shed abroad,
And every power of mine employ
To serve Thee, Lord, with holy joy.

Let me not quench this sacred fire
By sinful act or base desire,
Nor e'er forget to fan the flame
By breath of prayer in Jesu's Name.

PENTECOSTAL POWER.



HOLY Spirit ! in this hour
Come with Pentecostal power,
Two or three, in Jesus' name,
His own promise humbly claim.

Touching this, Lord, we agree,
Helpless, seeking help from Thee,
Foolish, make us truly wise,
Earthly, draw us to the skies.

Give us grace to feel Thy love,
Hearts whose treasure is above,
Patience our own cross to bear,
Kindness, others' grief to share.

Help us, both in deed and word,
Bearing witness for our Lord,
Give us power to heal the mind,
Raise the dead and cure the blind.

Holy Spirit ! hear our cry,
Send us succour from on high,
Grant a Pentecostal shower,
Holy Spirit ! come with power.

“RIVERS OF LIVING WATER.”

(John vii. 37—39.)



THOU who, in Sinai's wilderness,
The living stream didst pour
From out the bosom of the rock,
That men might thirst no more :

Jesus has now been glorified,
Redemption's woe complete,
The cross endured, the grave o'ercome,
And gained the Victor's seat.

Now, Saviour, from Thy glorious throne
The promised Spirit give,
That through believers filled by Thee,
The world around may live.

Daily be Jesus glorified,
The Church His truth proclaim,
And copying Him in mind and life,
Best magnify His name.

Thus may the Spirit's power descend
In fulness of His grace,
And rivers flow through hearts of saints
To save the human race.

“THE SPIRIT THAT QUICKENETH.”

SPIRIT of God ! whose power alone
Can new-create this heart of stone,
O listen to my earnest cry,
Nor leave me in my sins to die.

Spirit of Light ! dispel the cloud
That darkly doth my soul enshroud ;
Spirit of Holiness ! expel
All evil thoughts that in me dwell.

Spirit of Prayer ! instruct me how
Before the throne of God to bow ;
And pleading Jesus' precious Name,
His purchased blessings humbly claim.

Consoling Spirit ! peace impart
When care and grief distract my heart ;
Assure me of a Saviour's love,
And cheer with hope of joys above.

Of Heaven the Earnest and the Seal,
Let me Thy constant influence feel,
And of the future world's high bliss
Give me some foretaste, e'en in this.

Thus Holy Ghost ! Thy work complete,
Thus make my soul for glory meet ;
Then to the Father, Son, and Thee,
I'll render praise eternally !

“THE COMFORTER.”

“The Comforter will convict the world in respect of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.”—John xvi. 9, 10.

COME, Holy Comforter, persuade
Of sin, of righteousness, of doom ;
By truth and love the world be swayed,
And gladness take the place of gloom.

Convince of sin, the chiefest this—
To turn from Him who died to give
Pardon, and peace, and power, and bliss,
To all who will believe and live.

Convince of righteousness—displayed
In Him whom men refused to own ;
By God upraised—by Heaven obeyed—
Exalted on His Father's throne.

Convince of judgment—sin dethroned—
The work of death and hell undone—
The world's usurping prince disowned—
And Christ's eternal triumph won.

Thus, Holy Comforter, persuade
Of judgment, righteousness and sin—
Soon let the earth like Heaven be made,
And the Millennial reign begin.

HELP FOR OUR INFIRMITIES.



HOLY Spirit, succour me
Compassed with infirmity !
I am foolish, feeble, blind—
Be my Helper—faithful, kind.

Help me to repent of sin,
Help me to be pure within,
Every lust may I forsake,
Every evil habit break.

Help me patiently to bear
Sorrow, pain, and anxious care ;
Help me to be strong in faith,
Trusting all my Saviour saith.

Ever may I Him obey,
Never from His foot-marks stray,
My affections fixed above,
May I serve because I love.



THE SPIRIT OF LIGHT, LOVE, LIFE.



HOLY Spirit, source of Light,
Beam upon my nature's night ;
Make my doubts and darkness flee,
Clearly let me Jesus see.

Holy Spirit ! fount of Love,
Breathe upon me from above,
Warm this cold, ungrateful heart,
Bid its selfishness depart.

Holy Spirit ! Lord of Life,
 Make me victor in the strife
 Over Satan, death, and hell—
 Fit me thus in Heaven to dwell.

Praises then I'll ever sing
 Unto Christ my Saviour King ;
 To the Father and to Thee
 Praises everlastingly.

“GRIEVE NOT
 THE HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD.”

O THOU long-suffering Spirit ! still
 With this rebellious heart abide ;
 Cease not to check my wayward will,
 Subdue my sins, destroy my pride.

Thy counsels I have often spurned,
 Against Thy strivings dared to fight,
 Oft quenched the flame that in me burned,
 And to Thy grace done sore despite.

Yet leave me not, Thou heavenly Dove !
 Helpless, undone, to Thee I cry ;
 Pardon my crimes against Thy love,
 Nor from the suppliant sinner fly.

My heart I now would open wide ;
 Great Sanctifier ! enter in ;
 Sprinkle the blood of Him who died,
 And take away the power of sin.

Thy living temple I would be ;
O come and dwell within my breast ;
My Teacher, I'll be led by Thee,
My Guide to Heaven's eternal rest.

“WHO GAVE TESTIMONY TO THE
WORD OF HIS GRACE.”

(Before Sermon.)

HOLY Spirit, now impart
Light and love to every heart ;
Let the message we shall hear
Quicken, strengthen, guide and cheer.

Father ! may we each fulfil
All Thy wise and loving will ;
Be it everywhere obeyed :
Thus let earth like Heaven be made.

Thou who on the cross didst bleed,
Now enthron'd to intercede,
Hear our blended cry to Thee—
Hear our Heaven-indited plea :

Let Thy kingdom come, O Lord !
Mighty be Thy conquering word !
Hasten on the golden age !
Claim Thy purchased heritage !

Gospel Invitation.

COME TO JESUS.

COME to Jesus ! Friend of Sinners !

Jesus only strong to save :

He has suffered to redeem us,

His own self for us He gave.

Come to Jesus ! He is waiting

All our sins to wash away ;

Life and love and joy bestowing,

He is waiting—why delay ?

Come and cast on Him thy burden,

Guilt and grief and anxious fear ;

Surely He has borne our sorrows,

He will save us, He is near.

Empty, come and prove His fulness,

All your need will He supply ;

Righteousness and consolation,

Peace, and hopes that never die.

Doubt Him never, trust Him fully,

Clasp His loving, mighty hand ;

Lean upon Him in your weakness,

Guided to the better land.

Yield your body, soul and spirit ;

Haste ! obey your Saviour's call ;

His henceforth—your own no longer—

Dedicate to Him your all.

DRAW NEAR TO GOD.



DRAW near to God !—He calls for thee ;
His arms outspread rejoicing see ;
Thy guilt no hindrance, but thy plea ;
Draw near to God !

Still open stands Salvation's gate ;
For thee thy Father still doth wait ;
Draw nearer still—'tis not too late ;
Draw near to God !

By prayer, in faith, to God draw nigh !
He sees the tear, and hears the sigh ;
He cannot scorn the suppliant's cry ;
Draw near to God !

From folly, sin and self withdraw !
To love and keep His holy Law,
With filial, glad, confiding awe,
Draw near to God !



COME HOME.



WRETCHED wanderer ! cease to roam ;
Hark ! thy Father calls thee home,
Waiting to be reconciled
With His long-lost, ruined child :
He will not His grace delay,
He will meet thee on the way,
Will with sonship's rights endow,
Wilt thou loiter ? Turn thee now !

He who did for thee atone
Beckons to thee from His throne,
Now He waits thy soul to save,
Now He bids thee mercy crave.
Now the Spirit's help is given,
Thee to draw from sin to Heaven :
Wanderer come ! with solemn vow
Yield to God thy Saviour now.

Heavenly gifts may now be thine,
Pardon, peace and love divine ;
Now from bondage vile be free,
Now an heir of glory be !
Rich the banquet spread to-day,
Why one moment keep away ?
Why salvation's gifts allow
Spurned to be ? Accept them now !
Dost thou mourn the squandered past ?
Seize the present, fleeting fast !
Sit not down in blank despair,
Rouse thee now to faith and prayer ;
Be thy guilt however great,
Now be saved—'tis not too late ;
Christ Himself will show thee how—
Wait no longer—seek Him now !

N O W.

CAN the farmer hope to gain
Precious crops of golden grain
If he idly, day by day,
All the seed-time dreams away ?

Rouse thee, soul ! redeem the past ;
Harvest time is coming fast ;
Through the fallow drive the plough ;
Wouldst thou reap ? be sowing now !

Canst thou safe in port arrive
If thy ship at random drive ?
Spread thy sail, fair blows the breeze,
Now the favouring moment seize !
Wouldst thou hear the word—"Well done?"
Be the labour now begun ;
Wouldst thou bind around thy brow
Victory's wreath ? take helmet now.

Time's swift tide is surging o'er
Life's contracting, sinking shore ;
Be thy guilt however great,
Now be saved—'tis not too late.
Yet beware ! lest mercy's day
Soon from thee should pass away :
If thou wouldst escape, allow
Not a moment's slumber now.

Though repulsed so oft before,
Jesus knocketh at the door,
Bearing gifts untold, divine,
Treasures which may now be thine ;
Wilt thou rudely from thee send
Such a generous, patient Friend ?
Still He waiteth—wilt not thou
Welcome, worship, serve Him now ?

“FATHER, FORGIVE THEM.”

WE pray for those who do not pray,
Who waste, O Lord, salvation's day :
For those we love who love not Thee—
Our grief, their danger, pitying see.

Those for whom many tears are shed,
And blessings breathed upon their head,
The children of Thy people, save
From godless life and hopeless grave.

Hear fathers, mothers, as they pray
For sons, for daughters far away—
Brother for brother, friend for friend—
Hear all our prayers that upward blend.

We pray for those who long have heard,
But still neglect Thy gracious word ;
Soften the hearts obdurate made
By calls unheeded, vows unpaid.

Release the drunkard from his chain,
Save those beguiled by pleasures vain,
Set free the slaves of lust, and bring
Back to their home the wandering.

The hopeless cheer ; guide those who doubt ;
Restore the lost ; cast no one out ;
For all that are far off we pray,
Since we were once far off as they.

THE PRODIGAL.



I've wandered far from home,
I'm weary, sad and sore ;
I weep—but yet I roam ;
Wounded—I wander more ;
From treacherous friends shall I seek comfort? No !
I will arise and to my Father go.

I'll tell Him all my sin ;
I'll show Him all my pain ;
Perhaps He'll let me in
To the old home again ;
But all my guilt and misery I'll show ;
I will arise and to my Father go.

I've squandered all my store ;
My every hope is quenched ;
Repulsed from every door,
From all my moorings wrenched,
In my extremity of sin and woe
I will arise and to my Father go.

All worthless as I am,
Poor, helpless, guilty, lost,
Through the atoning Lamb,
And by the Holy Ghost,
Because my sins and sorrows overflow,
I will arise and to my Father go.

My Father's name is Love,
His mercies aye endure ;
He calls me from above,
His word of grace is sure ;
Leaving my sin and misery below,
I will arise and to my Father go.

“GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER.”

OPPRESSED with grief, dismayed with fears,
I stand far off and plead with tears ;
I smite my breast, and cry to Thee—
O God ! be merciful to me.

I will not try my sin to cloak,
Only Thy mercy I invoke ;
Thy name of love my only plea—
Father ! be merciful to me.

O Publicans' and Sinners' Friend,
A sinner's mournful prayer attend ;
From Satan's bondage set me free,
Jesu ! be merciful to me.

O Spirit ! Source of life divine,
Create anew this heart of mine ;
Holy and good I long to be,
O Lord ! be merciful to me.

Save me ! of sinners I am chief,
Save me from guilt and hopeless grief ;
My Jesus died upon the tree,
O God ! be merciful to me.

EGYPTIAN CAPTIVITY.

GOD of the captive ! who didst hear
Thine Israel's groans, and mark each tear,
And pitying count each cruel stroke,
When crushed beneath proud Pharoah's yoke :

O hear the captive sinners' cry !
Burdened by guilt and fear we sigh,
In Egypt's tombs we darkly grope,
Toiling without reward or hope.

The iron chain we cannot break,
The tale of bricks we cannot make,
Daily the tyrant's tasks increase,
Vainly we struggle for release.

We hate, but still we hold the chain ;
We break, but bear the yoke again ;
We loathe the bondage stern and vile
With which our souls we still defile.

O Christ of Israel, strong to save!
Helpless, Thy promised grace we crave;
Our hopes are fixed alone on Thee,
Draw near and set the captives free.

Suez, February, 1870.

THE NIAGARA OF SIN.

[This hymn may be adapted to any long metre tune by singing the word
"save" in every fourth line, three times.]

SAVE Lord, I perish ! sin's strong tide,
Smooth, treach'rous, rapid, deadly, wide,
Hurries me headlong from Thy side ;
Save, or I perish, Lord !

Madly I slept upon the stream,
Gliding along as in a dream ;
Waking—on Hell's dark brink I seem !
Save, or I perish, Lord !

The howling fall I dare not brave,
Yet cannot stem the giant wave ;
Helpless—I cry to Thee to save !

Save, or I perish, Lord !

Spirit of Love ! I now implore
Thy aid, rejected, scorned before,
To snatch me from the rapids' roar—

Save, or I perish, Lord !

Jesus ! I faint, I sink, I die ;
Yet sinking, fix my anguished eye
On Thee, and from the torrent cry—

Save, or I perish, Lord !

Thou canst ! Thou wilt ! Thy hand I see,
Long slighted, still held forth to me ;
I grasp that hand, I cling to Thee !

Save, or I perish, Lord !

Niagara, 1867.

“WHITER THAN SNOW.”

BLACKENED and burdened I come unto Thee,
Saviour of sinners ! have mercy on me :
Helpless, polluted,—Redeemer from woe—
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Fountain of purity, opened for sin,
Pity the penitent, welcome me in !
Save me, embrace me, and ne'er let me go—
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Cleanse Thou the thoughts of my heart I implore,
May I Thy holiness share more and more ;
Daily in loving obedience to grow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Glorified spirits surrounding the throne,
Thee as the Source of their purity own ;
Cleanse me and perfect me, Saviour from woe,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Linked with those spirits in glory I am,
White all their robes by the blood of the Lamb,
This is the only assurance I know,
Thy promise that I shall be whiter than snow.

“O LAMB OF GOD, HAVE MERCY
UPON US.”

O LAMB of God that on the cross
Didst suffer to atone our loss,
Give ear unto a sinner's plea,
Have mercy, Lamb of God ! on me.

There's room within Thy wounded side ;
For all transgressors Thou hast died ;
Pardon for all hast Thou unfurled
Whose blood was shed for all the world.

O Lamb of God ! the gracious, mild,
The “holy, harmless, undefiled,”
Assist me to resemble Thee,
Have mercy, Lamb of God ! on me.

O Lamb of God ! grant us Thy peace,
From sin and sorrow send release,
And fit us for Thy home of rest
To be with Thee for ever blest :
There may we join the ransomed throng,
And swell the everlasting song—
“Worthy the Lamb who once was slain,
Worthy for evermore to reign !”

“GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.”

OUR God so loved the world
He gave His only Son
To suffer and to die
For sins that we have done,
That whosoever will believe
A free salvation may receive.
I would believe ! O Lord
Help Thou my unbelief !
Now to my sinful soul
Send pardon and relief,
This “whosoever” meaneth me,
And sinners Thou dost call to Thee.
Thou mighty art to save,
Thy love doth all embrace,
And whosoever asks
Will share Thy saving grace ;
Jesus ! I can no longer doubt,
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out.

I yield myself to Thee
 To trust and to obey ;
 Thy mercy to proclaim,
 And confidently say—
 Christ Jesus died for all mankind
 And whosoever seeks shall find.

“BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR
 AND KNOCK.”

COME to my sinful heart,
 Open and enter there,
 To dwell and ne'er depart ;
 Hear Lord, my earnest prayer.

Oft hast Thou knocked before,
 Thou who for me hast died ;
 Alas ! I barred the door,
 Thy urgent love denied.

Now I would welcome Thee,
 And serve Thee with my best ;
 Deign, Lord, to sup with me,
 And make me ever blest.

Henceforth with me abide,
 Make of my heart Thy home ;
 Be ever at my side,
 Constrain me lest I roam.

Companion always near,
 Guide, Guardian, Brother, Friend,
 To teach, reprove and cheer,
 Dwell in me to the end.

LORD, HELP MY UNBELIEF.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me!

Of sinners I am chief :

Thou biddest such believe in Thee ;

Lord ! help my unbelief.

My sinful soul receive ;

Friend of the dying thief,

Remember me—I would believe,

Lord ! help my unbelief.

I cannot come to Thee ;

Draw near to my relief ;

I'm tied and bound, O come to me !

Lord ! help my unbelief.

Jesus, I trust Thy word,

Thou dost afford relief,

I would, I will, I do believe,

Lord ! help my unbelief.

SEEKING THE SAVIOUR.

LORD ! I come because Thou callest,

Not because of worth in me ;

Thou the Saviour, I the sinner,

This my earnest, only plea.

Thou the Healer, I the wounded ;

Thou the Finder, I the lost ;

Thou whose whisper calms the ocean,

I the trembling tempest-tost.

Hand that graspeth mine is mighty,
 Though my own response is weak ;
 Trust is not in my own finding,
 But in Him who came to seek.

Thou didst stoop from Heaven to find me,
 I am eager to be found ;
 Grace of Thine is overflowing,
 Let that grace to me abound !

I am burdened, doubting, fearing,
 Great Deliverer, set me free !
 Words of mine are weak and halting,
 Speak, O Saviour ! speak to me.

Let me know my sins forgiven,
 Feel Thy love within my heart ;
 Make me Thine, for earth and Heaven,
 Thine—and nevermore to part.

FRIEND OF SINNERS, HEAR MY CRY.

FRIEND of sinners, hear my cry !
 Cast on me Thy pitying eye !
 Burdened by a load of sin,
 Foes without, and fears within,
 Friend of sinners, hear my cry,
 Pardon, cleanse me, ere I die !

Friend indeed Thou art to me,
 Yet how cold my love to Thee !
 Shunning oft Thy kind embrace,
 Slighting oft Thy Spirit's grace—
 Friend of sinners, hear my cry,
 Warm my heart before I die !

Send me succour from above,
 Fill me with constraining love,
 All my sinful passions quell,
 Come, and ever in me dwell!
 Friend of sinners, hear my cry,
 Fully save me ere I die !

'Neath Thy shadow let me hide,
 Happy ever at Thy side,
 Faithful to the end of life,
 Victor in the closing strife :
 Sinners' Friend, O be Thou nigh,
 Save, receive me, when I die !

(See also pages 154, 155.)

“THE BREAD OF LIFE.”

SON of God ! true Living Bread,
 Manna sent in love from Heaven !
 May our souls on Thee be fed,
 May we take the blessing given.

Thou alone canst feed the soul,
 Nourish, strengthen every part,
 Life diffuse throughout the whole—
 Will, affections, mind and heart.

Bread in store for each, for all,
 Bread so precious, yet so free ;
 Hear my hungry, constant call—
 Bread of Life, be Life to me.

Evermore give me this Bread ;
 Day by day supply my need ;
 Let me prove what Thou hast said—
 Lord ! Thy flesh is meat indeed !

Feed me when all seemeth well ;
Feed me when in grief I sigh ;
Life of Life ! within me dwell,
Thus I triumph when I die.

Hunger I shall never more,
Feeding constantly on Thee ;
Bread of Life ! I'll Thee adore,
Satisfied eternally.

“YE ARE MY FRIENDS.”

FRIENDS of Jesus we would be,
Fix our hearts, O Lord, on Thee ;
Say to us—Ye are My friends,
Friendship ours that never ends.
Friends of Jesus we would be,
Fix our hearts, O Lord, on Thee.

Let our thoughts delight to dwell
On Thy love unchangeable ;
Let us glory in Thy name,
Let us spread abroad Thy fame.
Friends of Jesus, etc.

Scorning self-indulgent ease
Let us strive our Friend to please ;
All we have for Him employ,
This our chiefest wealth and joy.
Friends of Jesus, etc.

His commands may we fulfil,
Meekly suffer all His will ;
Soft the yoke, the burden light,
When the law and love unite.
Friends of Jesus, etc.

Near Him may we still abide,
On His sympathy confide,
Leaning on His loving breast,
Finding there our perfect rest.

Friends of Jesus, etc.

Looking for His Advent dear,
Happy that our Lord is near,
May we, in His matchless love,
Now foretaste the joys above.

Friends of Jesus we would be,
Fix our hearts, O Lord, on Thee.

(See pages 154, 155.)

“WHO SHALL ASCEND THE HILL OF THE LORD.”

WHO shall ascend the Holy Hill,
The Mountain of the Lord?
He that obeys Thy righteous Will,
And trusts Thy loving Word.

O give to me this living faith,
The faith that works by love,
Trusting in all my Saviour saith,
And following Him above.

O may my hands be always clean,
And let my heart be pure,
No vanity in me be seen,
And all my words be sure.

Help me with uprightness to walk
As always in Thy sight,
Nor slander others in my talk,
Nor trench my neighbour's right.

Vileness and wrong may I abhor,
But honour all Thy saints,
Nor on the poor and helpless war,
But heed their sad complaints.

Let me not greedy be of gain,
Nor e'er my promise break,
But keep my conscience clear from stain,
For Heaven and Jesus' sake.

Thus, Lord, Thy Holy Hill to climb
Assist me by Thy grace,
So shall I reach the top sublime,
And view Thy glorious face.

Then praise I'll give for victory won,
Before the Heavenly Host,
Unto the Father and the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost.

"FOLLOW THOU ME."

LORD! we obey Thy kind command
To follow Thee to Canaan's land,
But need Thy guiding, strengthening hand;
Help us to follow Thee.

Our Teacher, Ruler, Pattern, Guide,
Ne'er let us wander from Thy side,
Nor from the narrow pathway slide,
But closely follow Thee.

By meekness, patience, kindness, prayer,
By works of love and friendly care,
By holy conduct everywhere,
Help us to follow Thee.

Whene'er the road is rough and steep,
Whene'er the floods roll strong and deep,
Although, distressed, we groan and weep,
Still may we follow Thee.

When fears and foes beset the way,
When darkest clouds obscure the day,
And easier paths tempt us to stray,
Help us to follow Thee.

At every hour, in every place,
Amid all changes, give us grace
With patient, onward, upward pace,
Closely to follow Thee.

Courageously in spite of foes,
With cheerfulness whate'er oppose,
Unto the journey's final close,
Help us to follow Thee.

Then along Heaven's own pathway bright,
No more with foes and fears to fight,
With victory crowned, and robed in white,
We'll ever follow Thee.

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH."

To arms, to arms, ye soldiers !
The trumpet call obey ;
Arise from dreamy slumbers,
To watch, and fight, and pray.
'Tis not to bed or banquet,
Or proud parade we go ;
The fight of faith is fiercer
Than worldly warriors know.

We march not over meadows,
But craggy cliffs and steep ;
We cross not gentle rivers,
But torrents wild and deep ;
We journey oft 'mid thickets,
We camp in deserts drear,
Where fruits and fountains fail us,
And threatening foes are near.

Against the powers of darkness,
With hellish craft and rage,
Our heavenly Captain calls us
Incessant war to wage :
No parley may be trusted ;
Not till our course is run
May we lay down our weapons,
And say the victory's won.

But who would be deserter
From such a noble fight ?
We're sure of deathless triumph,
We battle for the right.
Divine the Christian's armour,
Our comrades all the saints,
With Thee, dear Lord, our Leader,
We banish base complaints.

We'll bless Thee for the battle,
We'll glory in the strife ;
We'll shout at call of trumpet,
We'll win eternal life.
Strong in the strength of Jesus,
And in His spirit brave,
Crowned through eternal ages,
We'll sing His power to save.

“TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH.”

SALVATION'S Captain, mighty Lord,
Fulfil in us Thy gracious word,
Help us to wield the conqueror's sword,
 ' Help us to overcome !

On Hidden Manna let us feed,
Thou only canst supply our need,
Thy blood, Thy flesh are meat indeed,
 By Thee we overcome.

Write Thy new name on love's "White Stone."
Name only to Thy children known—
Give us this pledge that Thou wilt own
 And help us overcome.

Feeble, yet mighty through Thy power,
Thus may we fight till life's last hour,
Nor fear when death's dark tempests lower,
 But to the end o'ercome.

Then hailed by comrades gone before,
Convey us to that peaceful shore
Where war's alarms are heard no more
 By those who overcome.

With warrior-saints of high renown,
At victory's feast shall we sit down?
Shall *we* receive the conqueror's crown?
 Shall *we* thus overcome?

All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
To Thee alone shall rendered be
Both now and through eternity,
 By all who overcome.

FORWARD !

FORWARD in the Name of Jesus
 In the path the fathers trod,
 Pilgrims in the way to glory,
 One with all the sons of God !

Brothers, sisters, come and join us,
 Leave behind the world and sin ;
 Trust in, carry cross of Jesus,
 Life eternal you shall win.

Waken ! arm ! our Captain calls you,
 Linger not among the foe ;
 Welcome from His heart awaits you,
 Come ! with us to glory go !

Not for narrower name or party,
 But for Christ Himself we plead ;
 Onward ! battle round His banner
 Who on our behalf did bleed.

One with every name and nation,
 One with all who this way trod,
 Pressing on by grace to glory,
 One by Jesus Christ with God.

THE BEATITUDES.

THOU who blessèd didst pronounce
 Humble souls that pride renounce ;
Poor in spirit let us be
And Thy heav'nly kingdom see.

Blest are they who mourn for sin,
 They shall find true peace within :
Thus may we with grief o'erflow,
Thus true comfort may we know,

Blessèd are the meek in mind,
Lasting treasure they shall find :
*Gentle Jesus, let us be,
Meek and gentle like to Thee.*

Thou the hungry souls dost bless,
Souls that long for righteousness :
*May we thirst and hunger so,
Thus Thy fulness may we know.*

Blessèd are the merciful,
Prompt to pardon—pitiful :
*Mercy, Lord, on us bestow,
Mercy may we ever show.*

Blest are they whose hearts are pure,
They the sight of God secure :
*May our hearts be holy too,
Thus Thy glory may we view.*

Blessèd are the sons of peace,
Bidding strife and anger cease :
*Let us with Thy children be
Numbered, God of Peace, by Thee.*

Blest are they who for their Lord,
Suffer wrong in deed or word :
*Zeal like theirs to us be given,
Prize like theirs be ours in Heaven.*

(The last two lines of each verse may be sung as a response by the congregation.)

CHILDREN OF ABRAM BY FAITH.

O GOD of Abram ! let Thy word
By Abram's pilgrim-child be heard ;
Let me obey the gracious call—
"Arise, go forth, forsaking all."

Untrod, obscure, unknown the way,
Though doubts and darkness shroud the day,
If Thou wilt lead me by the hand,
Promptly I'll follow Thy command.

Possessing Thee, all things are mine ;
No foes can harm if I am Thine ;
Call me Thy friend, and let me be
Blest, and a blessing made, by Thee.

While thus, a stranger here, I roam,
Be Thou my ever-present home ;
And soon my weary footsteps guide
Where rest and holy peace abide.

Then, in the promised land above,
The changeless home of perfect love,
With all the Patriarch's ransomed race
I'll sing the glory of Thy grace.

All praise to Abram's God be given
By pilgrims here, and saints in Heaven !
Let men with angels join to raise
The song of never-ending praise.

"PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR."

O FOR the love, the perfect love,
The love that casts out fear ;
That sings amid the wildest storm,
And smiles through every tear.

O for the perfect love that leans
On Love's almighty arm ;
The trust no earthquake can disturb,
Nor death nor hell alarm :

The love that drains the bitterest cup,
And clasps the heaviest cross ;
Deeming such grief is lasting gain,
And earth's best gold but dross :

The love that trusts each promise given,
That each command approves ;
And in each path prescribed by Heaven
With glad obedience moves :

The love that serves with quenchless zeal,
That sits at Jesus' feet,
That leans upon His loving breast,
When heart to heart doth beat.

O for the love, the perfect love
That "Abba Father" cries ;
Its constant joy, His holy will ;
Its hope and home, the skies.

O God of Love ; kind Comforter,
O loving Jesus, hear ;
This perfect love to me impart,
This love that casts out fear.

CONTINUED SALVATION.

JESUS, sole Propitiation,
Pleading ever on the throne,
Source and giver of Salvation,
Thee we trust in, Thee alone.

Great High Priest, still interceding,
Never wearied—changeless, true ;
Thou in heaven the Cross art pleading,
Ransom finished—ever new.

Once for all and once for ever,
Altar, Priest and Sacrifice,
Ceasing from Atonement never,
Measureless in power and price.

Daily may we drink the waters
Flowing fresh from out the Throne,
Daily share the intercession
Offered daily for Thine own.

Let Thy saving Death completed,
Peace pronounce from day to day ;
Let Thy grace and pleas repeated
Perfect me in love alway.

Thee we praise, our Mediator,
Dead, but living evermore,
Thee alone for our Salvation,
Now and ever we adore.

(See also pages 48, 49, 58, 109, 110, 113.)

“SON, BEHOLD THY MOTHER.”

O JESU ! who to favoured friend
Thy mourning mother didst commend,
Mindful, amidst o'erwhelming woe,
Of her who stood and wept below—

O give us grace to learn from Thee
Our own divine humanity ;
Mindful of every tender claim,
Responsive to each kindred name.

Let not our sorrows selfish prove,
Closing our hearts to claims of love ;
But may we sweetest solace know
In soothing other mourners' woe.

Amidst the sacrifice sublime
 For every age and every clime,
 This, of Thy priesthood's work was part,
 To soothe one lonely woman's heart.

So, when for Church or Truth we feel,
 Or world-wide enterprise, most zeal—
 Let us be sure we best please Thee
 By tender, true humanity.

NOT SECRETS, BUT POWER.

(Acts i. 6—8.)

LORD, we do not ask to know
 Secrets hid from man below ;
 Times and seasons are concealed,
 Service, succour, are revealed.

Thou hast taught us what to do,
 Needful strength hast promised too ;
 Now to us Thy word fulfil,
 Help us to obey Thy will.

On Thy Spirit we rely ;
 Send us power from on high,
 Faith that feels no lack of sight,
 Love that makes all labour light.

Faithful witnesses for Thee,
 Christ in us may all men see ;
 Witnessing with every breath
 Christ is Lord—in life, in death.

Hallelujah ! Christ is Lord !
 Earth and Heaven repeat the word !
 Witnesses let all things be—
 Christ is Lord eternally !

(See also pages 22, 52, 53, 82, 94, 96.)

PRIESTHOOD OF BELIEVERS.

(1 Pet. ii. 5, 9; Rev. i. 5, 6.)

PRIESTS of the Holy Church,
All who in Christ believe,
From Him, our only great High Priest,
Your orders now receive.

To Him alone confess,
Pardon from Him receive,
Salvation is assured
To all who Him believe.

Cleansed by His precious blood,
His Holy Spirit given,
Your consecration is complete,
And registered in Heaven.

A living Sacrifice,
His holy word obey,
On priestly service daily wait,
To watch and praise and pray.

Teach, comfort, warn, persuade ;
Proclaim free grace from Heaven ;
To penitents pronounce
Full absolution given.

Seek out the wandering lost,
Proclaim sin's captives free ;
Confirm in faith the weak,
And make the blind to see.

Succour the poor and sick,
The prodigal reclaim ;
Deny thyself, do good,
Labour in Christ's great Name.

To Him who loved our souls
And washed our sins away,
"And made us Priests to God,"
Glory be given alway.

(See also "Service," 22, 52, 53, 86, 93, 94, etc.)

Sorrow and Solace.

"OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN."

OUR Father reigns in Heaven above !

Why then in fear be weeping ?

His hand of might, His heart of love

All harm from us are keeping.

He guards us from our foes,

Our secret grief He knows,

He wipes the tear we shed,

He watches by our bed,

When we are sick or sleeping.

Our Father rules the earth and sky,

He lives and reigns for ever ;

Our Father hears our feeblest cry,

Our Father leaves us never.

No tempest's angry breath,

Nor foe, nor grisly death,

Nor Satan fierce and fell,

Nor all the powers of hell,

Father and child shall sever.

PSALM XCI.

How blest are they, O God of grace,

Who find in Thee their hiding-place ;

Beneath o'ershadowing Might they dwell,

Secure from foes of earth and hell.

Thou art my Refuge, Fortress, Stay,
My God, in whom I trust alway ;
Encompassed by Thy guardian care,
I shall be safe from fowler's snare. *v. 2.*

The noisome pestilence in vain
Shall threaten deadly blast and pain,
Sickness and woe shall nourish health,
And loss augment our lasting wealth. *v. 3.*

No poisoned plague can venture nigh
The soul that dwells in God Most High ;
No weapon fiercest foe may wield
Hurts those who make Thy truth their shield. *v. 4.*

The seeming evil turns to good,
Privation yields substantial food,
The conflict ministers to strength,
The weary path wins Heaven at length. *v. 10.*

Angels who sing His perfect praise
Have them in charge in all their ways,
Because they make the Lord their all
He ever hearkens to their call. *v. 11, 12.*

In times of trouble He is near,
He bids them neither faint nor fear,
Will satisfy with length of days,
And welcome to His home of praise. *v. 15.*

Then in the realms of perfect day
Each doubt and tear will melt away ;
Made like Thyself, we shall abide,
And with Thee shall be satisfied. *v. 16.*

“ UNDERTAKE FOR ME.”



O THOU that with a father's care
Dost hearken to Thy children's prayer,
There's nought too little for Thine eye,
Too trifling for Thy sympathy.

Thou knowest all our hopes and fears,
Our joys and sorrows, smiles and tears ;
All that is truly good dost send,
And from all evil dost defend.

On Thee, my God, for ever blest,
In humble, trustful faith I rest,
And casting all my care on Thee,
Pray—" Father, undertake for me."

If Thou dost deck the lily fair,
And for the sparrow takest care,
Unheard Thy children ne'er can be,
Beseeching—" Undertake for me."

Whate'er betide us, joy or woe,
Still help us to Thy throne to go,
Joys to enhance or woes to heal,
And 'mid all earth's endearments, feel

Thy love our highest, purest joy,
Thy service our hearts' best employ,
From Thee let nothing sever, thus
Our Father, undertake for us.

I *NOW* REJOICE IN MY SUFFERINGS.

(Col. i. 24.)

NOT alone in lull of tempest,
Not when viewing grief afar ;
Waiting not till heavenly glory
Wipes the tear and gilds the scar :

Now we joy in tribulation,
Singing hymns with cheerful sound,
Making glad the inner prison,
Now when pain and grief abound.

Every ailment of the body
Centres in the living head :
Shared are all His servants' trials
By the Friend who for them bled.

Every grief of ours is helping
Christ's affliction to complete :
Hastening on the consummation,
When all saints in glory meet.

All our sorrows are appointed
For the Church, His Body's sake,
For its vigour, growth, perfection,
His own likeness to partake.

Joy we then in tribulation,
Furnace moulds for use the ore ;
Life is not for lazy comfort,
But to grow and serve the more.

If our sorrow Christ is sharing,
With us in the fiercest flame,
Joy we will in tribulation,
Still exulting in His Name.

“FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK.”

FEEBLE flock of Jesus
Why so full of fear ?
God our Father sees us,
We to Him are dear.

He will never leave us,
All we need will give,
Then at last receive us,
In His home to live.

Mercies without measure,
From His bounty flow ;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
Kingdoms to bestow.

He who gives the greater
Surely gives the less ;
God, of all Creator,
Will the creature bless.

Waiting to receive us,
In the realms of day,
He will never leave us
Fainting on the way.

Little flock of Jesus,
Cast away your fear !
God our Father sees us,
We to Him are dear.

NO CONDEMNATION.

No Condemnation ! Jesus has died ;
Finished Redemption ! Christ crucified ;
More than forgiven, Born from above ;
Sin's fetter riven, Infinite Love !

Walking no longer After the flesh,
 Grace making stronger—Onward afresh !
 Christ goes before us, Upward the way—
 Still watching o'er us—Trust and obey !

Onward then singing Praise to the King ;
 Love still up-springing, Tribute we bring ;
 Praise for Salvation ! Priceless yet free,
 True adoration, Jesus to Thee !

Pardon and holiness, Glory are given ;
 Infinite blessedness, Laid up in Heaven :
 Praise to Thee ever, Saviour of men !
 Naught can us sever—Amen ! and Amen !

(See also pages 120—134.)

Special Seasons.

OPENING A CHURCH—PUBLIC WORSHIP.

“CHRIST IS ALL AND IN ALL.”

ENTER Thy temple, Lord,
 Reveal Thy smiling face ;
 Pronounce the pardoning word,
 Bestow Thy Spirit's grace.

May we Thy presence feel,
 And listen to Thy voice ;
 Each broken spirit heal,
 Each mourner bid rejoice.

The Church, O Lord, is Thine,
It bears Thy sacred name ;
Here let Thy glory shine,
With ever brightening flame.

Thou true Shekinah, fill
Each heart with holy light ;
And melt each stubborn will
With love's most tender might.

Thou art our Corner Stone,
And Thou the only Door ;
We build on Thee alone,
We enter, praise, adore.

Our only Altar Thou,
Our sole sufficing Priest ;
To Thee alone we bow,
By faith on Thee we feast.

Thou art our Sacrifice,
Our Saviour Thee we call ;
Enthroned above the skies,
Thou, Christ, art All in all :

All to Thy saints above,
All to Thy Church below ;
Here, Lord, reveal Thy love,
Let all Thy glory know.

Head of the Church ! to Thee
All praise on earth be given,
Until Thy face we see,
And perfect praise in Heaven.

“THE CHURCH OF JESUS.”

THE Church ! the Church of Jesus,
The Zion of our King,
His earthly home and palace,
The Church of Christ we sing :
Built on the one Foundation,
Eternal, priceless, sure—
Her strength, the Rock of Ages,
She must for aye endure.

Of living stones compacted
This holy temple grows,
The Spirit's habitation,
And Heaven's reflection shows.
Around, bright hosts of angels
Keep faithful watch and ward ;
Her constant joy and safety,
The presence of her Lord.

How beautiful is Zion,
The joy of all the earth !
Above the hills exalted,
She sings with holy mirth :
Her walls resound salvation ;
Her gates are glad with praise ;
Throughout the world, her heralds
The notes of mercy raise.

Go round about this Zion—
Jerusalem of ours ;
Her palaces consider,
And count her lofty towers ;
To coming generations
Her triumphs must be told ;
As taught us by our fathers,
Wrought in the days of old.

The Church, the Church of Jesus,
The Zion of our King,
His earthly home and palace—
The Church of Christ we sing :
Built on the one Foundation,
Eternal, priceless, sure,
Her strength, the Rock of Ages,
She must for aye endure.

PASTORS AND TEACHERS.

To Thee, the Author of the Book,
O Lord, in humble faith we look ;
Explain to us the sacred page,
And let its truths our hearts engage.

Instruct the teacher and the taught ;
Unfold the page with wisdom fraught ;
Open to us the hidden store
Which makes us rich for evermore.

The truths that parables conceal,
Teacher Divine ! do Thou reveal ;
In type and prophecy, may we,
Jesus, the true Messiah, see.

Thy promised gifts may we desire,
And love whate'er Thy laws require ;
Thy word may we with wisdom read,
And keep it both in thought and deed.

Fulfil our teachers' earnest prayer,
That we may each Thy mercy share ;
And when the pomps of earth shall fade,
May we their joy and crown be made.

SUNDAY MORNING.



SACRED Sabbath ! holy rest,
With the smile of Heaven imprest,
Joyful Sunday—radiant shine,
Gladden us with light Divine :

Poor man's charter from above,
Sign to all that God is love ;
God, who labour did ordain,
Bids the weary rest again :

Day when severed households meet,
Gathering round the Mercy-seat ;
Day of calm retreat from care,
Day of cheerful praise and prayer :

Day of the Creator's rest,
When His finished work He blest ;
Day on which the Saviour rose,
Victor over all His foes.

O may we, in God, our home,
Peaceful rest and never roam ;
O that we with Christ may rise,
Till we join Him in the skies.

Fit us, Day of holy rest,
For the Sabbath of the blest ;
Be the Sun of all the seven,
Foretaste, Harbinger of Heaven.



SUNDAY EVENING.



ACCEPT, O Lord, we humbly pray,
The service of Thy holy day ;
Our sacrifice of grateful praise ;
The prayers, like incense, which we raise.

No merit may our worship win :
Our sacred robes are stained by sin ;
Discordant notes our praises mar ;
In prayer, our thoughts oft wander far.

Priest of the Church ! Thou, Thou alone
Our faults and failings canst atone ;
Thou, Jesus, once for all didst bleed,
And still dost live to intercede.

O let our offerings perfumed be,
With fragrant incense, Lord, by Thee ;
And let our worship reach the skies,
Accepted through Thy sacrifice.

EVENING PEACE AND SLEEP.

WHEN night has quenched the sun's last ray,
And boding shadows round me creep,
Secure, as in the blaze of day,
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep.

When rudest waves my bark assail,
And round me yawns the stormiest deep,
Amid the roaring of the gale,
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep.

Compassed by fiercest powers of hell,
From harm Thou canst Thy children keep ;
Thou makest me in safety dwell ;
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep.

And when my day of life is o'er,
And friends endeared around me weep
To wake with Thee, on Canaan's shore,
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.

"THEY shout for joy, they also sing ;"

The valleys, clothed with corn,
Extol Creation's bounteous King,
Whose fruits the fields adorn.

They sing the Power that works each year
The miracle of bread ;
From seeds so few, vast crops appear,
And multitudes are fed.

Of Faithfulness, they sing aloud,
That ever doth endure ;
The promise radiant in the cloud,
Seed-time and harvest sure.

They sing the Goodness of the Lord,
Who feeds both man and beast ;
Sustaining all things by His word,
Nor overlooks the least.

Lord of the harvest ! I would bring
My grateful sheaves to Thee ;
I'll shout for joy, I'll also sing
Thy faithful love to me.

Ripen the grain, Thy work complete,
Thy Harvest-Home prepare ;
Make me for Thine own garner meet—
Store me for ever there !

GIVING THANKS FOR FOOD.

FATHER ! by whose care we live,
With this food Thy blessing give,
Help the needy, and impart
Love and joy to every heart.

FOR food and friends, let thanks be given ;
Lord, may our lives be hymns of praise ;
Thus may we meet at length in Heaven,
And feast with Thee through endless days.

MARRIAGE.

THOU who didst at first create
For each living thing its mate,
And in holiest ties didst bind
The first pair of human-kind,
So that one flesh they might be
Merged in blessèd unity,
Hear our happy nuptial prayer,
Bless the newly married pair.

Thou who Brother didst become,
Sharer of an earthly home,
And didst first Thy power display
Honouring a wedding day,
Be Thou here a welcome guest,
Make the bride and bridegroom blest,
Turn the water into wine—
Daily, brighter, on them shine.

“JESUS WAS CALLED TO THE
MARRIAGE.”

COME to the wedding, Jesus, Friend Divine,
As Brother come, and ratifying Priest !
Thou who didst turn the water into wine,
O come, and bless, and consecrate the feast :

For they who in Thy presence this day stand,
Are loved by Thee, Thy friends and servants dear;
As each to other gives the plighted hand,
Let them Thy voice of benediction hear.

Each loving each the more by love of Thee,
Let more than earthly joys to them be given ;
Their peaceful home a hallowed temple be,
And all their nuptial bliss be bright with Heaven.

(See also pages 105, 106.)

NEW YEAR DEDICATION.



To Thee, O Lord, my life I owe,
By Thee another year is given ;
May I, in service here below,
More surely urge my way to Heaven.

Forgive my slow and sluggish pace,
The many faults of bygone years,
My loitering in the heavenly race,
My worldly wishes, coward fears.

To Thee I yield myself anew,
And humbly, gladly call Thee mine ;
Help me to render homage true,
As not my own but wholly Thine.

May service new be New Year joy,
Fresh consecration, deeper love,
New works of faith fresh powers employ,
By grace imparted from above.

In closer intercourse with Thee
May I a joy increasing find,
The things of heaven more clearly see,
And leave the things that are behind.

And if the year we greet as New
Should prove to be on earth my last,
May all my days, though fleet and few,
In serving God and men be passed.

The Lord's Supper.

INVITATION.

"COME in thou blessed of the Lord,"
The door is open wide,
The house is well prepared, come taste
The joys He doth provide.

Come ye who know that ye are poor,
Come ye that mourn for sin,
That hunger after righteousness,
Blest of the Lord ! come in.

From sin and worldliness come forth —
Decide without delay,
The Saviour's easy burden take
In this, Salvation's day.

Come first to Christ, the living way,
The Church's only Lord,
The sinner's Priest and Advocate,
Enter with one accord.

Then to His Church, by His command,
Enter by Him the door ;
For fellowship in prayer and work,
And joys unknown before.

Come to the Feast His Love provides,
His wedding garment wear ;
Partake the bread, the Covenant seal,
The cup of witness share.

Thrice welcome to the sacred Feast,
Provided by the King ;
No merit ours, the gift is free,
His praise for ever sing.

PERSONAL CONFESSION.

IN God the Father I believe,
 And in His well-beloved Son ;
 His blood-bought pardon I receive,
 And pray His perfect Will be done.

The Holy Ghost I now implore
 To teach, convince, renew, console ;
 My sins confess, renounce, deplore,
 Cleanse me, O Christ, and make me whole.

My only plea is—He has died,
 My only hope—He ever lives ;
 Jesus for me was crucified,
 His risen life Salvation gives.

I yield my heart, my all to Thee,
 My own no longer, Thine alone—
 Thy true disciple I would be,
 Rejoicing in Thy Cross, Thy Throne.

“IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

THY table, Lord, is richly spread
 With wine outpoured and broken bread,
 Sweet tokens of Thy love to me,
 Thy body broken on the tree.

I come, Lord, at Thine own request,
 A joyful, though unworthy, guest ;
 My only title—need of Thee—
 My only claim—Thy death for me.

By Thee, the true, the living Bread,
 I would, by Faith, be daily fed,
 And through Thy blood for sinners given,
 Would drink from Thee the wine of Heaven.

Here in remembrance of His love,
I show His death who reigns above,
Until He comes again to earth,
With conquering power and solemn mirth.

Communion Holy here I know
With all who love His Name below,
With saints and seraphim on high,
And all Heaven's glorious company.

One with each other, Thee we praise,
And grateful Hallelujah raise ;
We glorify and bless Thy Name,
JESUS—eternally the same !

“MEAT INDEED—DRINK INDEED.”

THOU, O Christ, art living Bread—
Let me from Thyself be fed ;
Jesus, Thou art heavenly Wine—
Let me drink and know Thee mine.

Hungry—after Thee I long ;
Feed me, and thus make me strong :
Thirsty—without Thee I'm sad ;
Thou alone canst make me glad.

Lord ! on Thee by faith I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed :
Drink, indeed, Thy blood to me ;
To this Fountain, Lord, I flee.

Jesus ! 'tis for Thee I pine ;
Be to me both Bread and Wine :
Nourish, cheer me with Thy love,
Till I feast with Thee above.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.



How sweet the fellowship of Christian love,
Communion of Saints, afar and near !
With those on earth, with those in Heaven above,
There is a cord that binds us, close and dear.
We feel them with us ! Saints of every land
And every age, we in your love rejoice ;
And ye, who round the throne of glory stand,—
Ours is one faith and joy, one heart and voice.
With Angels and Archangels, Lord, to Thee,
From us on earth all glory now be given ;
With friends endeared, whom we no longer see,
And all the glorious Company of Heaven.
Beloved ones, passed a little on before,
Ye still are near us ! let our anthems blend :
To Him in whom we're one for evermore,
Be honour, praise, and glory without end.



COMPLETE IN HIM.



COMPLETE in Him ! blest words of peace !
From slavish fear they give release,
And bid my anxious doubtings cease,
Complete in Him !
In Him all might and mercy meet,
By Him I'm clothed from head to feet,
My soul's equipment is complete—
Complete in Him !

With Christ, no other priest I need,
 No sacrifice—He once did bleed,
 He ever lives to intercede !
 Complete in Him !

His righteousness my perfect plea,
 From all the claims of justice free,
 Who shall bring aught in charge 'gainst me,
 Complete in Him ?

Who shall condemn ? 'Tis Christ that died—
 He pleadeth at the Father's side,
 No good for me can be denied,
 Complete in Him.

Complete in Him, all things are mine !
 Thou, Lord, art mine and I am Thine—
 My store is infinite—Divine—
 Complete in Him !

And when my voice shall fail in death,
 I still will trust what Jesus saith,
 And whisper with my latest breath,
 "Complete in Him !"

His truth and love, a boundless store,
 Shall be my Heaven for evermore,
 And I will sing, as still I soar,
 "Complete in Him !"

"ALL THINGS IN THE NAME OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST."

ALL things in the Name of Jesus,
 Wondrous, mighty, matchless Name !
 In the strength and love of Jesus,
 Faithful—evermore the same.

Doing all with praise to Jesus,
Grateful unto Him for all :
Every wish of His obeying,
Prompt to heed each trumpet-call.

Everywhere beholding Jesus,
Always listening to His voice,
Sorrow for His sake embracing,
Turning trial into choice.

For Him, by Him all things doing,
Life is Christ and death is gain,
Joy of saints in Heaven foretasting,
Now we join their blissful strain.
Hallelujah.

“ONE IN CHRIST JESUS.”

No more my own, but His alone,
His law my love obeys—
His cross we bear, His crown we share,
We sing His endless praise.

The doom of death, by dying breath
Is wafted quite away—
Our sins forgiven, in hope of Heaven,
We love Him and obey.

His strength we share, His foes we dare,
His presence makes us strong,
We fear no ill, we triumph still,
His faithfulness our song.

His friends are ours, allied our powers,
Captain and Cause the same,
We march one host, one Cross we boast,
And one unchanging Name.

Fight on ! endure ! the victory sure !
 Fight till the battle's done ;
 By Christ's own might, we'll gain the fight,
 And thus the prize be won.

We soon shall meet, our bliss complete,
 From Him shall nothing sever,
 In blest employ and perfect joy,
 For ever and for ever.

Funeral Services.

RESURRECTION AND GLORY.

GONE HOME.

GONE Home ! Gone Home !
 The weary pilgrim rests at last,
 The shadowed valley has been past,
 All pain and care away are cast,
 At Home.

Gone Home ! Gone Home !
 To meet with dear ones gone before,
 On Canaan's tranquil, blissful shore,
 Their Lord beholding, to adore
 At Home.

Gone Home ! Gone Home !
 To dwell for ever in His sight,
 To shine in His unclouded light,
 His love to know, its depth, its height,
 At Home.

In Memoriam, C. H. Spurgeon: on receiving news of his decease.

ETERNAL LIFE.

NAUGHT from Christ the soul can sever !

Such the hope the Gospel brings ;

“ Life at once, and life for ever ! ”

Thus the dying Christian sings.

Life in Christ is life for ever !

While on Jesus we rely,

Vain the foeman's worst endeavour ;

One with Christ, we cannot die.

“ Life at once, and life for ever ”

Drives all darkness from the grave ;

“ Mine they are, to perish never ”—

Blest assurance Jesus gave.

Life with Christ, with Christ for ever !

“ There shall all My servants be ;

With Me always, wheresoever,

Through a blest eternity.”

Naught from Christ the soul can sever !

Such the hope the Gospel brings ;

“ Life at once, and life for ever ! ”

Thus the dying Christian sings.

HALLELUJAH AT THE GRAVE.

To Thee, the Resurrection,

Eternal Life ! to Thee

We raise glad Hallelujah,

From sin and death set free :

Although with mournful memories
We gather round the bier,
The hope Thy word enkindles
Illumes the falling tear.

Not *rent*—more *firm* the column ;
Not *quenched*—the torch more *bright* ;
More *fragrant* fair the lily,
The day dispels the night ;
They are not dead nor distant,
But loving, serving more ;
Such friends are never parted,
But only gone before.

With dear ones re-united
They bend before the throne ;
With angel-choirs their voices
The Lord of Glory own ;
In holiness made perfect,
In rapturous tones they sing
With angel-choirs in chorus,
The praises of their King.

We join in adoration,
Though gathered round the grave,
To Christ the Resurrection,
Who life eternal gave ;
We glorify, we bless Thee,
Their Saviour Lord and ours,
With angels and archangels,
And all the heavenly powers.

At the funeral of the Author's life-long friend, Edward G. Cecil,
November 27th, 1893 ; and of William Webb, thirty-eight years
consecrated fellow-servant of Christ Church, June 18th, 1894.

(See also pages 38, 50, 52, 75, 85, 87, 93, 94, 107, 108, 114, 115.)

The Lord's Prayer.

“OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN
HEAVEN.”

OUR Father who in Heaven dost dwell,
In love directing all things well,
Hallow'd for ever be Thy Name,
Let Earth and Heaven Thy praise proclaim.
Soon may Thy glorious Kingdom come,
In homage not one voice be dumb,
Thy loving Will obeyed on earth
E'en as by those of heavenly birth.
Our needful bread give day by day,
Take all our trespasses away,
And as for pardon we entreat,
So let us show forgiveness meet.
Preserve us in temptation's hour,
Thy children save from Satan's power ;
For Thine the rule, strength, glory be,
Both now and through eternity.

Grindelwald, 1887.

“HALLOWED BE THY NAME.”

MY Father ! take this tainted clay,
Remove its sinful dross away ;
Bathe it in central source of Light,
Then will it shine Divinely bright.

This glory Thou Thyself must give,
In Thee alone my soul can live ;
Kindle Thyself the heavenly flame,
My Father, hallowed be Thy Name.

I ask the gift beyond all price,
Less than Thyself will ne'er suffice ;
O be Thy Name revealed to me,
And by Thy child then hallowed be.

My chief desire, supremest bliss,
Foremost in every prayer be this—
Thy Righteousness, Thy Love, Thy Fame—
My Father, glorify Thy Name !

“THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE
DONE ON EARTH, AS IT IS DONE IN
HEAVEN.”

(See pages 50, 52, 148, 160—172, 175.)

“GIVE US DAY BY DAY OUR
DAILY BREAD.”

FATHER, throned in Heaven above,
Might and Mercy, Light and Love !
Give to us, as Jesus said,
Day by day our daily bread.

Satisfy our daily need,
Soul and body daily feed,
Daily hear us when we pray,
Succour, save us, day by day.

Give us daily faith to ask
Needful aid for daily task,
Daily guidance in our way,
Daily warning lest we stray ;
Sympathy for daily grief,
Daily solace and relief,
Daily patience, meekness, zeal,
Hearts for others' woes to feel ;
Daily help for daily cross,
Daily gain in seeming loss,
Daily strength for holy strife,
Daily grace till close of life.

“LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.”

(This hymn, by J. Conder, inserted inadvertently.)

LEAD us not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail ;
Leave us not in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

Lord ! uphold us day by day,
Shed a light upon our way,
Guide us through perplexing snares,
Care for us in all our cares.

Let us neither faint nor fear,
Knowing still that Thou art near,
In the path our Saviour trod,
Tending ever unto God.

Then should wisest love decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father ! glorify Thy Name.

“DELIVER US FROM THE EVIL ONE.”

THOU who in the lonely desert
Didst with firmness meet the foe,
Help us watch, and pray, and conquer,
When on 'leaguered ground we go.

Let us never, deaf to duty,
Sorrow shun, by pleasure fed ;
Let us not, whate'er our hunger,
Try to turn our stones to bread.

Weary, fainting, worn and thirsty,
Let us fix our gaze on high ;
Let us not forsake the Fountain
For the tainted tank's supply.

Let us not in proud presumption,
All unbidden, danger seek ;
May we trust, but never tempt Thee.
Strong yet humble, brave yet meek.

Should the cunning, false usurper
Promise kingdoms for reward,
May we, thrusting him behind us,
Worship only God the Lord.

Wilful sin is Satan-worship,
Bowling to his sceptre down ;
Thine alone is our allegiance,
Thou alone shalt wear the crown !

(See also pages 82, 194, 196.)

“THINE IS THE KINGDOM AND POWER AND GLORY,”

THE Kingdom, Lord, is Thine,
The right o'er all to reign ;
None can assail Thy right Divine,
Nor of Thy laws complain.

The Power, O Lord, is Thine,
To vindicate the right ;
Thy love with strength doth intertwine,
Mercy allied with Might.

The Glory, Lord, is Thine,
All praise to Thee be given ;
Through all Thy works Thy wonders shine,
In earth and highest Heaven.

For evermore the Praise,
The Kingdom, Power, belong
To Thee, throughout eternal days,
Creation's endless song.

Amen ! the chorus rings
From earth to Heaven again,
The Universe adoring sings
One blended, glad AMEN !

AMEN.



O CHRIST ! the great Amen,
God's "Witness, faithful, true,"
Thy Works according with Thy Word,
AMEN ! our faith renew.

I love the grand "AMEN,"
Of old in Temple heard,
When all the people of the Jews
Pronounced the solemn word.

I love the self-same sound
Response to praise and prayer,
When Christians blend through the wide world
The same word everywhere.

All promises of God
"In Him are Yea, Amen !"
His work is finished and secures
Salvation unto men.

"AMEN" is Christ's response
On man's behalf to Heaven ;
At once, "Amen," is God's reply,
The blessing sought is given.

At once let us accept
Our Father's call on high,
And to the message of His love
"AMEN !" be our reply.

*"Come, wandering children, home!
Fear not! return to Me!"*

AMEN! I will at once arise,
Father! I come to Thee.

*"Believe in Him I send
To save from guilt and grief."*

AMEN! I will, I do believe,
Help Thou my unbelief.

*"Forsake the world and sin,
My sons and daughters be."*

AMEN! this better part be mine,
My God, my Father be.

*"My son, give me thy heart,
Henceforth be wholly mine."*

AMEN! Lord, give Thyself to me,
AMEN! Lord, I am Thine.

With all Thy Church on earth,
"AMEN" I'll say—and then
With countless ransomed hosts in Heaven,
I'll shout—"AMEN! AMEN!"

DOXOLOGIES.



HALLELUJAH ! Hallelujah !

Praise the Father ! He is Love ;
Hallelujah ! let our voices
Join with seraph choirs above.

Hallelujah ! praise to Jesus !
Sinners, crushed beneath your guilt,
Rise ! rejoice ! adore the Saviour !
'Twas for you His blood was spilt.

Hallelujah ! praise the Spirit !
He doth sinful hearts renew ;
Sanctifier, Guide, Consoler,
Teacher, ever kind and true.

Hallelujah ! swell the chorus,
God, our only God adore !
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Praise be now, and evermore.



HALLELUJAH ! joyful raise
Heart and voice our God to praise !
Praise the Father ! praise the Son !
Praise the Spirit ! Three in One !
One in wisdom and in grace,
One to save our sinful race :
Triune God ! to Thee be given
Praise on earth, and praise in Heaven.



PRAISE to God most high be given,
Praise from saints in earth and Heaven,
God ! Creator, Saviour, Friend,
Praise through ages without end.

Hymns for Children.

I KNOW WHO MAKES THE DAISIES.

I KNOW who makes the daisies,
 And paints them starry bright ;
 I know who clothes the lilies,
 So sweet, and soft, and white :
 And surely needful raiment
 He will for me provide,
 Who know Him as my Saviour,
 And in His love confide.

I know who feeds the sparrow,
 And robin, red and gay ;
 I know who makes the skylark
 Soar up to greet the day :
 And me much more He cares for,
 And feeds with daily bread,
 Whom He has taught to love Him,
 And trust what He has said.

The daisy and the lily
 Obey Him all they can ;
 The robin and the skylark
 Fulfil His perfect plan :
 And I, to whom are given
 A heart, and mind, and will,
 Must try to serve Him better,
 And all His laws fulfil.

The daisies, they must perish,
The lark and robin die ;
But I shall live for ever,
Above the bright blue sky :
Dear Jesus, Thou wilt help me
To love Thee more and more,
Until in Heaven I see Thee,
Am like Thee, and adore.

A LITTLE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

DAY again is dawning, Darkness flies away ;
Now from sleep awaking, Let me rise and pray.
Jesus ! tender Shepherd, Watching while I slept,
Bless the little lambkin, Thou hast safely kept.

Help me, Lord, to praise Thee, For my cosy bed ;
For my clothes and playthings, For my daily bread ;
For my darling mother, For my father dear ;
For the friends who love me, far away and near.

Robin blithe is chirping, Glad the night is o'er ;
Larks the light are greeting, Singing as they soar :
I'm Thy little birdie ; May I ever sing,
Goodness making music, Unto Christ my King.

Daisies now are turning Bright eyes to the sun :
And the light is shining On them every one :
I'm Thy little flower, Jesus ! shine on me—
Turning, all my lifetime, Grateful eyes to Thee.

God the Father loves me, Jesus died for me ;
And the Holy Spirit Guides and comforts me.
Glory to the Father ! Glory to the Son !
Glory to the Spirit ! Blessèd Three in One.

CHILDREN AND MOUNTAINS.



THE God who made the mountains
And piled their masses high,
Who fixed their firm foundations
And bade them climb the sky,
Looks down on little children
For whom He gave His Son,
Protects, provides, embraces,
And loves them every one.

O praise the Lord, ye Mountains !
Temples of stainless snow,
Ye glaciers white descending
To greenest glades below ;
O praise Him, upland pastures,
Ye forests of old pine,
Sweet garniture of flowers,
The chestnut and the pine.

Voices of mountains praise Him,
Torrents and tinkling rills ;
The thunder of the snow-fall,
The echoes of the hills ;
But songs of little children,
Their feeblest praise and prayer,
Are sweeter to the Father
Than all the music there.

My voice shall not be silent
For whom he gave His Son ;
I'll bless Thee as my Father,
I'll pray Thy Will be done !
I'll sing Thy grace and glory,
Thy constant loving care,
I'll blend child-Hallelujahs
With all the mountains there !

A child upon the mountains,
A speck so small and mean,
To heart of God is greater
And with more pleasure seen :
He lifts an infant higher
Than loftiest mountain-peak,
For He came down from Heaven
These little ones to seek.

The highest of the mountains
Will some day be brought low ;
But children of the Father
To Him in Heaven will go ;
And then, still rising higher
In blessedness and love,
On Zion's hill for ever
Will dwell with God above.

BABY'S PRAYER.



JESUS is our Saviour,
Loving without end :
Jesus cares for baby,
Christ the children's Friend.

Jesus came from Heaven
Man on earth to be ;
He was born an infant,
Weak and small like me.

Jesus grew in stature,
Grew in wisdom too,
Loved to search the Scriptures,
Practised all He knew.

Waited in the temple,
Learnèd teachers sought,
Asking holy questions,
Wishing to be taught.

Jesus folds the children
In His gentle arms ;
Shields them from all danger,
Saves them from alarms.

Jesus, Saviour ! listen
To my baby-cry ;
Jesus, come and save me,
Bending from on high.

Pity little baby,
Make me good and blest,
May I ever love Thee,
Leaning on Thy breast.

A BOY'S HYMN.

A RESPONSE TO "I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."



I WANT to live and be a man,
Both good and useful all I can,
To speak the truth, be just and brave,
My fellow-men to help and save.

I want to live that I may show
My love to Jesus here below ;
In human toil to take my share,
And thus for angels' work prepare.

I want to live that I may trace
His steps before I see His face,
And follow Him in earthly strife
Before I share His heavenly life.

Lord ! grant me this—to live and serve,
And never from Thy laws to swerve ;
Then, after years of service free,
In ripe old age to go to Thee.

But should it be Thy loving will
To call me early, Lord fulfil
In fewer years Thy work of grace,
Each day prepared to see Thy face.



DAVID AND GOLIATH.

A METRICAL PARAPHRASE ; FOR TWO LITTLE NEPHEWS :
AFTER VISITING THE SUPPOSED BATTLE-FIELD.



PHILISTIA'S mighty hosts were spread
Along the mountain side ;
And down the dale their chariots swept,
And horsemen fierce did ride.

Gath sent her giant, great and grim ;
Of Anak's sons was he :
His spear was like a weaver's beam,
Or as a tall pine tree.

Each morn he stalked the middle ground,
Which trembled as he trod :
And, brandishing his spear, defied
Israel, and Israel's God.

One day a ruddy shepherd lad
Came to the camp, to bring
Provisions to his brothers three,
Who fought for Ark and King.

He heard Goliath's blasphemy,
And marked his haughty frown ;
And wondered none rushed forth to cast
The Pagan boaster down.

If no one else would do the deed,
A simple shepherd boy,
Armed with the might of Israel's God,
Would Israel's foe destroy.

"The Lord," said he, "by whom I slew
The lion and the bear,
Will help me, for His people's sake,
This boaster's blows to dare."

So down he went unto the brook,
And chose a pebble stone ;
And with his sling went forth to fight,
Trusting in God alone.

The giant scorned the simple lad
Who thus appeared in view,
And cursed him by his idol gods ;
And still his anger grew.

Young David said—"Thou meetest me
With spear and shield and sword ;
But I come forth to vanquish thee,
Trusting in Israel's Lord."

One look of faith to Heaven he sent,
Then slung his pebble round,
Which sank into the giant's head,
And stretched him on the ground.

In random rout the heathen host
Despairing turned to flee ;
While Israel swift pursued with shouts
Of joy and victory.

O God of Israel ! strong to save,
Hear Thou my suppliant cry,
When Satan and the hosts of hell
The church of God defy.

I am but as a little child,
Yet will not yield to fear,
If Israel's God will be to me
Breastplate, and shield, and spear.

The simplest means ordained by Thee,
The pebble and the sling,
Wielded by faith shall win the day,
And giants prostrate fling.

O ye who waive the victor's palm,
And ye who still do fight ;
From palace-home, from battle-field,
Your voices all unite.

Loud hallelujah, glory, power,
To David's Lord be given !
'Tis He Who sends the victory ;
O praise Him—Earth and Heaven !

March, 1870.

CHILDREN AND GIANTS.

(Children's Band of Hope Song.)

DAVID was a stripling, Shepherd-boy was he,
 When he slew the giant, Setting Israel free.
 Drink is sin's Goliath, Cruel, grim and strong ;
 Slaying tens of thousands, Doing daily wrong.
 We are little children, Very young and weak ;
 Where, to slay the giant, Shall we succour seek ?
 Bear we no grand armour, Breastplate, sword or spear ;
 But we pray to Jesus, Who our cry will hear.
 Help us, Mighty Captain, David's Lord and Friend !
 With our sling and pebble, Death to drinking send.
 Life for dying drunkards ! Freedom for the slave !
 Band of Hope's great Leader, Drink's sad victims save.

CLIMBING THE HILL.

BOYS and girls together Let us climb the hill !
 Steeper yet and steeper, Conquer it we will !
 Every upward footstep Gives a wider view,
 Purer air, and teaches More than yet we knew.
 Boys and girls together Let us climb the hill !
 Steeper yet and steeper, Conquer it we will !

Further from the sin-fog, Nearer to the sky,
 Into clearer sunshine Mount we up on high !
 Though the toil be greater Than on level plain,
 Free and loving labour Will be lasting gain.

Boys and girls, etc.

We can help our neighbour, God our Maker serve,
 Only when from duty We will never swerve ;
 We can follow Jesus In the saint-trod way,
 Only when we're pressing Upwards day by day.

Boys and girls, etc.

Help us, Lord, in climbing, Lead us by the hand,
 Higher still and higher, To the heavenly land !
 Then, the mountain conquered, Praise we'll give to Thee,
 Guide, Protector, Saviour ; Praise eternally.

Boys and girls, etc.

THE EARTH'S PRAYER. *Hosea* ii. 21, 22.

HUNGRY men and women sadly sighed for bread ;
Starving sheep and cattle clamoured to be fed.

Loud they raised their voices to the grass and corn,
" Sprout and grow and ripen, leave us not forlorn."

Corn and grass and fruit-tree called unto the ground,
" Sap supply and nourish, make our fruits abound."

Then the ground sent upward pleadings to the air,
Send the needed rain-cloud, fertile soil prepare."

But the heavens were cloudless, so to God they cried
" Thou alone canst help us, be our need supplied."

Then the good Lord hearkened to the heavens'
prayer,
And the gathering vapours quickly did prepare.

Then the heavens granted what the earth had sought,
And the plenteous showers wondrous changes
wrought.

Then the earth rejoicing, answered grass and wheat,
To their roots supplying life-sap, fresh and sweet.

Then the corn and fruit-trees answered human cries,
And a plenteous harvest gave them rich supplies.

Wondrous round of causes in a close-linked chain !
Yet without the First Cause each would be in vain.

Help us, Lord, to summon all our powers to aid,
Thee in all invoking, faith upon Thee staid.

Give us strength to labour, bless each field and tree
Praise for rain and harvest be alone to Thee.

THE LOST SHEEP.

A SHEEP had gone astray, Weary and cold ;
It could not find its way, Back to the fold.
The night was dark and drear, Stormy with rain ;
The lamb was filled with fear, Bleating in vain.
A wolf was on the track, Hungry to slay ;
One of a numerous pack, Fierce, cunning, they !
His life the Shepherd gave, Seeking His sheep :
That which He died to save, Safely He'll keep.
He vanquished sin and death, Satan and Hell,
And with His latest breath, Declared all well.
Finished the toilsome quest, Finished the Fight :
The lamb is now at rest, Safe in His sight !
Now to my Shepherd dear, Praises be given !
By all His saved ones here, By all in Heaven.

"SUFFER THE CHILDREN TO COME."

- JESUS was grieved when the children were scorned,
Those who forbad them He solemnly warned,
Then in His arms took them up and caressed,
Hands laid upon them and lovingly blessed.
- "Suffer the children to come unto Me."
Saviour of children, we glorify Thee !
Words so endearing should win the young heart.
Help me to come to Thee—never to part.
- "Do not forbid them," He tenderly cries,
Gazing upon them with pitiful eyes ;
Calls them, embraces them, claims as His own
Children He died for, their sins to atone.
- "Come, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven !"
Lord, unto me let a place there be given ;
Pardon and cleanse me, O bless me and love,
Now may I serve Thee, then praise Thee above.

WE COME.

- CHILDREN. JESUS ! Friend of children, hear us,
As we lift our cry to Thee ;
May we know that Thou art near us,
And Thy smile of pity see ;
Friend of children !
Suffer us to come to Thee.
- INFANTS. We are very young and tender,
Help our helpless infancy ;
Take the tiny gifts we render,
Our Great Saviour ever be ;
Friend of infants !
Suffer us to come to Thee.
- CHIL. Let not friend nor foe prevent us,
As to Thy kind arms we flee ;
We would take the blessing sent us ;
Hear, O hear, our humble plea ;
Friend of children !
Suffer us to come to Thee.
- INF. Babes and sucklings, Jesu ! fold us
In Thy bosom tenderly ;
We believe, for Thou hast told us,
That Thy love is full and free ;
Friend of infants !
Suffer us to come to Thee.
- CHIL.
AND
CONG. Old and young now swell the chorus,
Shout aloud in harmony !
Hallelujah ! Lord reign o'er us,
Now and through eternity ;
Friend of all men !
We will ever worship Thee.

SPRING-TIDE HYMN.

BIRDS are singing, flowers are flinging
Fragrance on the grateful fields ;
Godly living I'd be giving,
Jesus all my spring-tide yields.

Breezes blowing, blossoms growing,
Music mingling in the air ;
Blessing, praying, child's love paying,
I'd make music everywhere.

Larks are soaring, rapture pouring
As they twinkle in the sky ;
So upspringing, I'd be singing
To my Jesus, throned on high.

Lambs are leaping, mothers keeping
Happy watch beside their young ;
All creation blends ovation ;
Praise by children too be sung.

THE SKY-LARK.

I LOVE to see the sky-lark
Soar up to greet the day ;
I love to hear the rapture
That swells its sunny lay.

Straight from its earthly dwelling,
As to a home on high,
Exulting in the sunshine
It mounteth to the sky :

And then again with singing
To nest and brood descends,
In lowly toils delighting,
And Heaven with home-life blends.

Help me from plain or valley
To rise, my God, to Thee :
To duty still returning
With glad humility.

THE DAY'S EYE.



DAISY means "The eye of Day,"
Turning to the Sun alway,
Feasting on his warmth and light,
This the Daisy's dear delight.

When he rises in the East
On his smiles the daisies feast :
When he climbs the noontide skies,
They rejoice with upward eyes.

When he stoopeth to the West
Bend they lowly to be blest ;
When he sinketh out of sight
Closing eyelids say "Good-night."

Like the daisy may I be,
Always turning, Lord, to Thee :
When from sleep I daily rise,
Seeking Thee with opening eyes.

In the noontide of my life,
With delights and trials rife,
Let me open all my heart,
Let Thy radiance ne'er depart.

Beauty, fragrance, life Divine
Dwell wherever Thou dost shine :
Make me thus Thy daisy-flower,
Bright and beauteous every hour.

When my day of life is done,
Glowing in the setting sun,
Still in hope I'll gaze on Thee—
Beam, O Saviour ! beam on me.

CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

JESUS ! keep me all this day,
When at school and when at play ;
When I work and when I rest,
Bless me and I shall be blest.

Keep my body free from pain,
Keep my mind from sinful stain,
Bread supply for daily need,
Help me on Thy truth to feed.

May I do all things I ought,
May I hate each evil thought,
Let no false or angry word
From my lips this day be heard.

Faulty I have often been,
Pardon, wash me, keep me clean,
Give to me a holy heart,
May I ne'er from Thee depart.

Keep me in the narrow way,
Let me neither slip nor stray,
Hold Thy little pilgrim's hand,
Bring me to the Promised Land.

May I serve Thee here below,
Serve Thee when to Heaven I go,
Serve and love and trust in Thee,
Now and through eternity.

Riffel Alp, 1892.

THE SEA.

THE sea doth God's high praise proclaim—Immensity !
And ever soundeth forth His name—Eternity !
Shows forth His majesty and might, Boundless, sub-
lime !

His mercy flowing infinite—Through every clime.
The God who made the mighty sea So wide and deep,
Doth watch a little child like me, And kindly keep.
Although I am but tiny wave Or grain of sand,
He sent His Son my soul to save ; He holds my hand.

The waters wild His laws obey ; And shall not I
Keep bounds of love no less than they, With God so
nigh ?

O may my love, a living rill, Flow into Thee—
(And age my childhood's prayer fulfil) Love's bound-
less Sea !

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

THE night was very, very dark,
Loud did the tempest roar,
And big waves tossed the little bark
Back from the friendly shore.

The boatmen rowed with all their might,
They tried and tried again
Throughout that dark and dangerous night ;
Yet all their toil was vain.

But Jesus saw each angry wave ;
Watchful and kind is He :
And came, His trembling friends to save,
Walking along the sea.

Still more they feared the unknown Form
Crossing the billows high,
Till Jesus spake amidst the storm—
“ Be not afraid, 'tis I ! ”

O, how did then their hearts rejoice,
And with fresh wonder fill,
When the wild storm obeyed His voice,
And winds and waves were still.

Thus when my soul is tempest-tost,
Dear Jesus, come to me !
Let me not midst the waves be lost,
But calm the troubled sea.

Enter my boat, sit by my side,
Hold Thou my feeble hand !
Then safely, swiftly, through the tide
I'll reach the heavenly land.

TIMOTHY'S BIBLE.

I BLESS the Lord of truth and love
For Holy Scripture given,
That makes us to salvation wise,
And shows the way to Heaven.

I bless Thee that while yet a child
I'm taught this Book to read—
Sweet milk for babes, and on its truths
Like Timothy to feed.

May I, like him, with patience learn,
And this dear Bible know,
And love the Saviour it reveals,
And in His footsteps go.

And when I cease to be a child,
And come to man's estate,
Let me not cease my childhood's Book
To love and venerate.

HYMN FOR A SICK CHILD.

JESUS, good Physician ! hear me,
Let Thy little one complain ;
Jesus, Friend of children ! help me,
Soothe my sorrow, ease my pain.

Lay Thy healing hand upon me,
Speak the word to make me strong,
Give me health, Lord, if it please Thee,
Spare my life for work and song.

But if good to Thee it seemeth,
That I suffer sickness still,
Give me patience, Lord, to bear it,
Grace to trust Thee, well or ill.

May my sins be all forgiven,
Make my spirit pure and right,
May I never cease to love Thee,
Happy always in Thy sight.

Give me sleep, but when I'm waking
 May I feel that Thou art near ;
 Hold my hand and gently whisper,
 " Fear not, thou to Me art dear."

Let my weakness work my welfare,
 Stronger faith and hope and love,
 Till Thou comest, Lord, to take me
 To Thy painless home above.

ON RECOVERING FROM ILLNESS.

LORD of my life ! I bless Thee For comfort on sick-bed,
 For cure of pain and weakness, For lifting up my head.

Thy feeble flower was drooping, As if to fade away,
 But Thy soft rain and sunshine Do bid it longer stay.

O make me fairer, sweeter, Than e'er I grew before,
 My heart to Jesus turning To love Thee more and more.

O may the life Thou sparest Be spent in pleasing Thee
 While here on earth remaining, And then eternally.

A CHILD'S CONFESSION OF CHRIST.

My Saviour came from Heaven To seek and save the
 lost ;

His life was freely given, He gladly paid the cost.

He left His high estate For infant's lowly birth ;
 He all things did create, Yet dwelt with men on earth.

He taught me how to live, His own example set ;
 All needful grace will give, He lives to help me yet.

He taught me how to die, By dying for my sin,
 That I may dwell on high, His palace-home within.

My heart to Him I raise, My all to Him belongs,
 Him will I serve and praise, With loving, happy songs.

THE CHILD JESUS.

CHILDREN are to Jesus dear,
Still He calls them to come near,
Folds them in His loving arms,
Safe from danger and alarms.

He in years and wisdom grew,
Ever kind and pure and true ;
Doing good to all around,
Joy in blessing others found.

He for children gladly died ;
Jesus Christ was crucified ;
He for ever lives and pleads ;
He for children intercedes.

He will help us to be good,
Always doing what we should ;
He the Spirit's aid will give ;
He Himself will in us live.

Holy Jesus ! children's Friend,
Comfort, save me to the end !
Help me now to serve Thee well,
Then for ever with Thee dwell !

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

I WILL not ask Thee, Jesus, Lord,
To look with love on me,
For Thou hast taught me in Thy Word
The love that dwells in Thee.

For me Thou didst come down from Heaven ;
For me Thy blood was spilt ;
For me Thy life was freely given,
To save from grief and guilt.

I need not ask for love from Thee,
But grace for Thee to yearn ;
With grateful gladness welcome Thee,
And Thy dear love return.

O may I ever hear Thy voice,
 And follow day by day ;
 And in Thy holy will rejoice :
 Jesus ! for *this* I pray.

Grindelwald, 1887.

HOSANNA.

-
- CHIL. To David's Son, Hosanna,
 We children joyful sing ;
 Hosanna unto Jesus !
 The children's Friend and King.
- CONG. Hosanna sing to Jesus !
 He shared our manhood's grief ;
 He knows our cares and conflicts ;
 Our Brother gives relief.
- CHIL. Hosanna sing to Jesus !
 The children still He takes
 Up in His arms and blesses ;
 He loves and ne'er forsakes.
- CONG. Hosanna, glad Hosanna !
 Our older voices blend
 Hosanna with the children :
 We'll praise Thee without end.
- CHIL. Hosanna, loud Hosanna,
 To Christ, the children's King !
 We'll honour and obey Him,
 And youthful tribute bring.
- CHIL. Praise Him, ye men and maidens ;
 AND Ye fathers, mothers, raise
 CONG. Hosanna unto Jesus,
 And swell the children's praise.
- Both now and through the ages,
 In earth and highest Heaven,
 Hosanna, glad Hosanna,
 By all to Thee be given.

CREATION'S ANTHEM.

PRAISE Jehovah ! earth and Heaven !
 Praise Him, land and sea and sky !
 Sun and stars, your songs be given !
 Men and angels, loud reply !
 Nature's voices—*children's voices*,
 Swell the glorious anthem high.
 Praise to Him who paints the flowers,
 Feeds and loves each living thing ;
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly powers,
 Men and babes, His praises sing !
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Children, praise your Saviour King.

"THOU HAST PERFECTED PRAISE."

PRAISE to Jesus ! blend your voices :
 Christ, the great Redeemer, praise !
 Ransomed earth with Heaven rejoices ;
 Bring your loudest, sweetest lays.
 Children's voices, *infants' voices*,
 May their glad Hosannas raise.
 Let us sing the wondrous story
 Of the child's Almighty Friend ;
 How He left the realms of glory,
 And to die did condescend.
 Children's voices, *infants' voices*,
 Sing the love that ne'er shall end.
 Babes and sucklings ! sound His praises ;
 He for us a Babe became ;
 Us in His kind arms He raises,
 Now, as when on earth, the same.
 Little voices, *infants' voices*,
 Sing the Son of David's name.
 Worthy is the Friend who sought us—
 Wandering, weary, helpless, lost ;
 Worthy is the Lamb who bought us—
 His own blood the countless cost.
 Children's voices, *infants' voices*,
 Blend with the angelic host.

"FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD."

O WHAT a Friend is Christ, Who came from Heaven
to bless

A little child like me With life and happiness !

For God so loved the world, He gave His only Son
To die upon the cross For sins that I have done !

As Moses in the wild The brazen serpent raised,
So Christ for children small Was lifted, God be praised !
For God, etc.

The poisoned people saw, And all their wounds were
healed :

They looked, and so they lived, Trusting God's word
revealed. For God, etc.

Lord, help me to believe ! Thy Spirit now impart,
That loving I may live, Christ ever in my heart.
For God, etc.

Since whosoever will May look to Him and live,
Dear Lord ! to Thee I look, Thy life eternal give.
For God, etc.

GOOD-BYE.

GOD be with you, children dear,
Send you blessings from on high,
God be with you, very near ;
God be with you means—Good-bye.

I remember well my seat
On my darling mother's knee,
When she taught me to repeat,
"God so loved the world and me."

Now that I am growing old,
And my years on earth are long,
Still I love what then was told,
Still my Jesus is my song.

God be with you all your days,
During childhood, when you die,
Let the whole of life be praise,
God be with you all—GOOD-BYE.



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